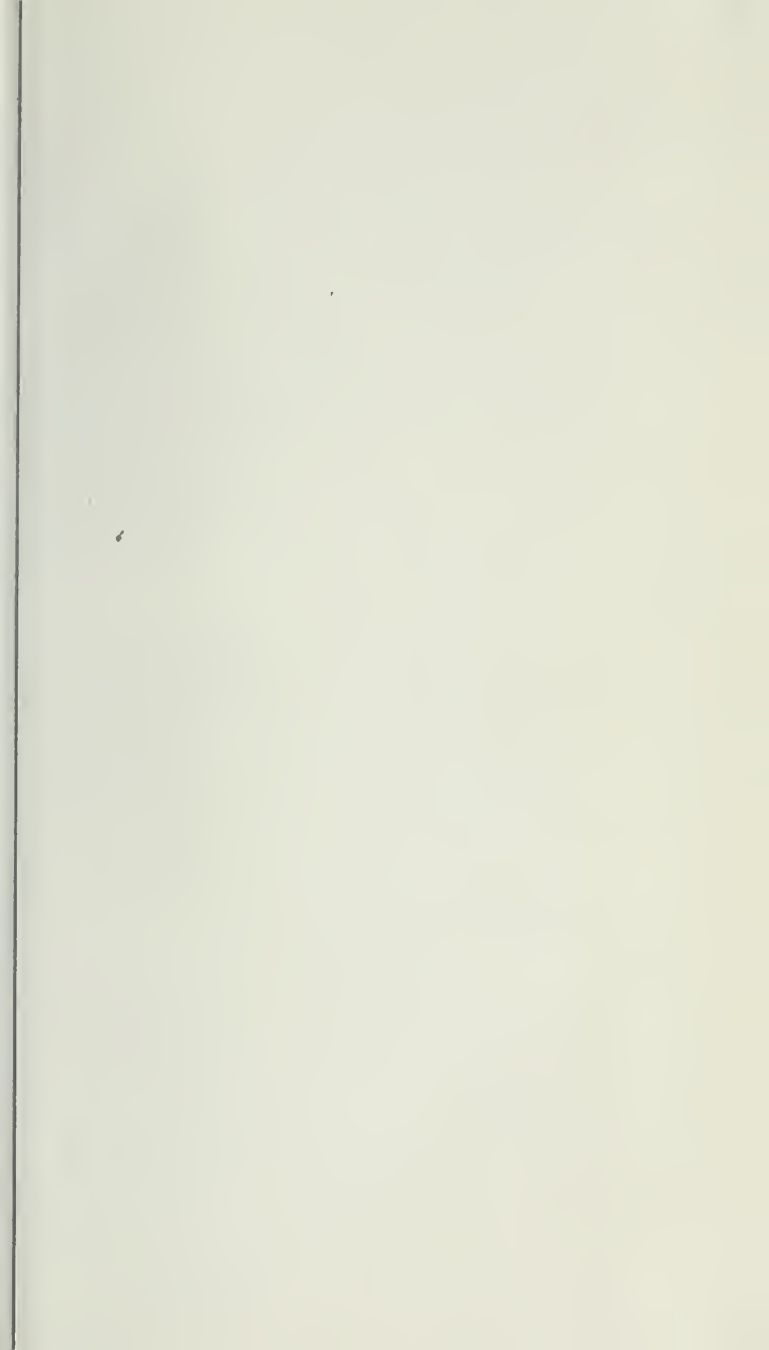


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THE
BARNABYS IN AMERICA;
OR,
ADVENTURES
OF
THE WIDOW WEDDED.

BY
MRS. TROLLOPE,

AUTHORESS OF

"THE WIDOW BARNABY," "THE VICAR OF WREXHILL," &c.

IN THREE VOLS.

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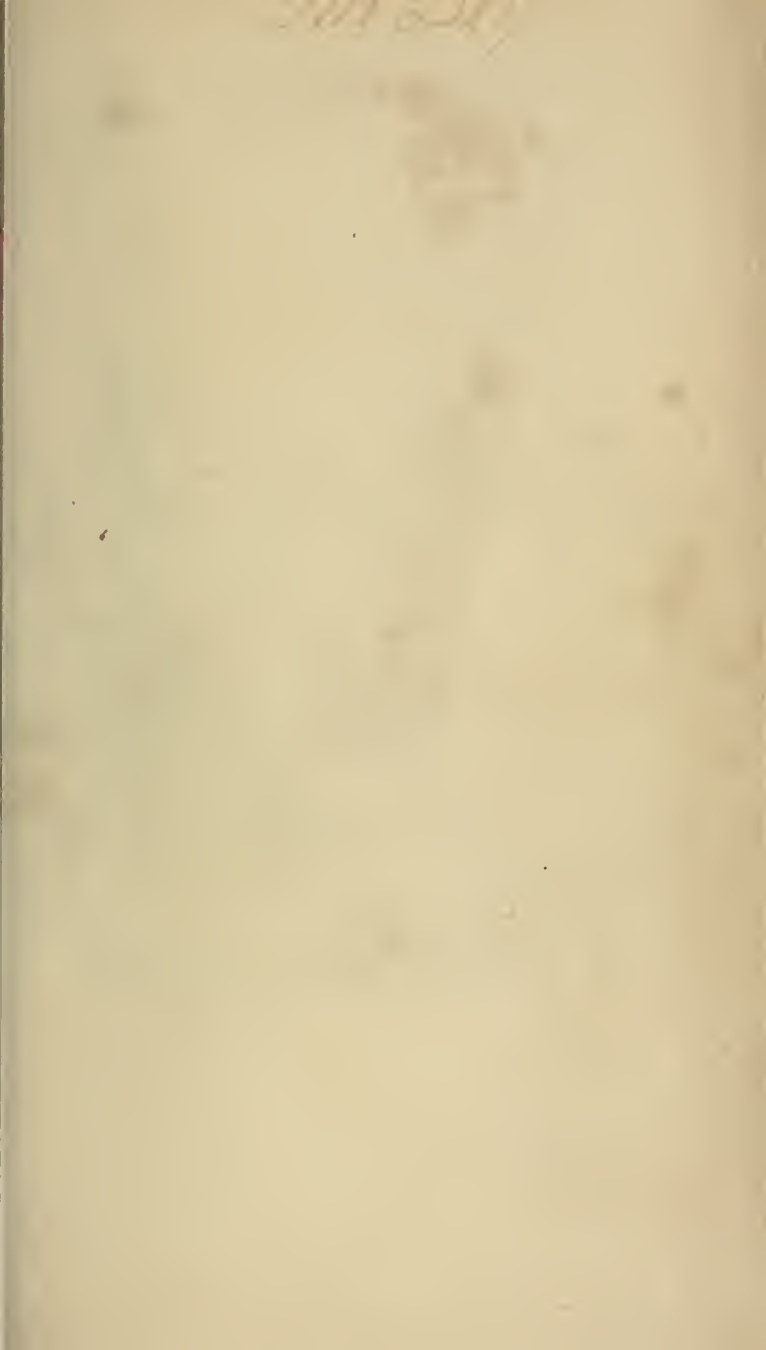
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W. D. P.

Illustration of a scene from the play 'The Two Pigeons' by W. D. P.

THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE affections of the human heart are various; all equally genuine, when nature is untampered with, but infinitely modified as to their intensity. The love of a parent for its offspring has been acknowledged on all hands to be one of the strongest, and least uncertain of these affections, partaking so largely of instinct, as fairly to class it among the immutable laws of nature, and though certainly shared by the beasts which perish, yet felt to be venerable from the divinity of the origin whence the common well-spring rises. There is a modification, however, of this parental love, which is wholly free from, and

undegraded by any community either with the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea, the reptiles which crawl upon the earth, or the birds which fly towards the heavens—there is a parental love, so purely spiritual, so wholly intellectual, as to place it in sublimity far above any other affection of the human heart.

“What may this be?” demand the uninitiated. Unhappy ones! Like a childless wife, and a husband without an heir, ye are unconscious of the fondest yearning that ever swelled a human breast! But is there an author who does not at once secretly acknowledge his sympathy in the feeling thus described! Oh no! not one.

Yet, elevated as is the nature of this intellectual love, there be many who are shy to confess it. Many, strange to say, who affect a total indifference, nay, almost oblivion, concerning those offsprings of the brain, for whom by every law, human and divine, they ought to feel the tenderest partiality. “Let no such men be trusted”—it is doing them injustice to believe that they can be sincere.

Far otherwise is it with the progenitor of the

Widow Barnaby. I scruple not to confess that with all her faults, and she has *some*, I love her dearly: I owe her many mirthful moments, and the deeper pleasure still of believing that she has brought mirthful moments to others also. Honestly avowing this to be the case, can any one wonder, can any one blame me, for feeling an affectionate longing at my heart to follow her upon 'the expedition upon which I sent her when last we parted? An expedition, too, that was to lead her to a land which all the world knows I cherish in my memory with peculiar delight? I will not believe it, but trusting to the long-established, and good-humoured toleration of those who descend to listen to my gossipings, I will forthwith proceed to tell them all that has happened to this dear excellent lady since General Hubert and Mr. Stephenson left her in her grand drawing-room in Curzon-street, surrounded by her family and friends.

CHAPTER II.

Domestic conversation—Public Announcement of a private marriage—Indignation of the bride at a misnomer—Scenes in the seclusion of Mr. O'Donagough's library—Parental thoughts on marriage.

“I HAVE enjoyed that, Patty, and I won't deny it,” cried the *ci-devant* widow Barnaby, as the above-named gentlemen quitted her drawing-room. “Heaven knows I am not a spiteful person, and I can forgive and forget as soon as any body, but it was absolutely beyond nature not to enjoy letting those two puffed-up-top-sawyer fellows see that you had contrived to get married, my dear, while the whey-faced Miss Elizabeth was still a poor, pale, thin ghost of a spinster, as I may say—for so she is, dearest, compared to you.”

“Oh, lor! don't talk of her, mamma! The

very thought of her makes me sick—if it don't, I'll be hanged," replied Madame Espartero Christinino Tornorino, giving a little shudder and creeping still closer to her loving husband, till her handsome face was half hid in his bosom. "Oh, my goodness! For how much, I wonder, would I change places with her?"

"Not for a trifle, I have a notion, my dear," said her mother, laughing heartily; "but I'd give just sixpence to see how my conceited niece Agnes looks, when she hears you are married. I'd make an even bet that she won't believe it. What will you lay me that she does not take it for a joke of that gay chap Frederic Stephenson?"

"No, no, she would if she could, I don't doubt that, mamma, in the least," replied the bride; "but it is not so easy to do as to wish. I suppose she will have some wedding-cake sent her, won't she?"

"I'll take care of that, my dear," said Miss Louisa Perkins, nodding her head with a look of great intelligence. "Your dear mamma has given me a little hint about that business already, and of course your own noble relations will come first."

“Oh, yes! my darling creature!” exclaimed Miss Matilda, with a stifled sigh, “we will all take care of that, depend upon it; and do—oh, do—my dearest, dearest Patty! let me have the tying up your name-cards together! It will be such a delight. If dear Mrs. O’Donagough will just give me a shilling or two for it, I’ll go out and buy the silver twist for them this very moment. Oh!” with another sigh, “it will be such a sweet office!”

“By the by, that is well thought of, Matilda,” observed the fond and provident mother. “Mercy on me, Patty, now one comes to think of it, what a whirl you have put us all in, with this frolic of yours—silver-twist is the least of it, Matilda! There must be favours, just if we had been all regularly at church together, you know. I am not going to let the wedding of my only daughter with a first-rate Spanish nobleman pass over as if we were just common ordinary people, who had never been to court, or distinguished in any way.”

“Of course you won’t!” exclaimed both the Miss Perkinses in a breath, and Miss Matilda, confident in intimacy, added, “I am sure you would be a fool if you did.”

"And then there is the sending it to the papers you know, mamma," said Madame E. C. Tornorino, with energy, "I do beg that may not be forgotten."

"Mercy on me," cried her mother, "to think that I should keep sitting here with such an awful deal of business to do! It is all very natural that you two should like to keep together, 'there, billing and cooing like a pair of wood-pigeons, but it will never do for us. My dear Don Tornorino, will you just step down into your father-in-law's library, and look for a pen, and ink, and a sheet of paper, and then I will give you leave to whisper to Patty till dinner-time, if you like it."

The tall bridegroom rose from his place to obey her, and using a little gentle violence to disengage his coat-collar from the fond grasp of his affectionate bride, very respectfully pronounced the words, "Yes, ma'am," and left the room.

"Isn't he beautiful, mamma?" demanded the young wife, as soon as he had disappeared. "He is ten thousand million times handsomer than Jack ever was or ever will be, isn't he?"

“ He is a very fine man, Patty, there is no doubt of it,” replied Mrs. O’Donagough, “ I always admired that style of man—the whiskers and hair, and all that, you know. I have always thought that it gave particularly the air of a gentleman—I might, indeed, say of a nobleman.”

“ Exactly that !” cried Miss Matilda Perkins. “ Mrs. O’Donagough always expresses herself so happily. He is a *fine* man—a stylish man, Patty. That is exactly what he is—and many and many’s the girl that will look upon you with envy, my dear, take my word for that.”

“ Well, I can’t help it, if they do, Matilda,” replied the well-pleased Madame Tornorino. “ But I wish you would not send him away, mamma ! Why could not Matilda, or your own particular friend, Louisa, have gone for the pen and ink ? I do think it is very hard to send one’s husband away the very first day after one is married to him.”

“ But who could guess, Patty, that he would be staying so unaccountably long ?” returned her mother.

“ Lor bless my soul, I could have made the paper by this time, and I shall have altogether

forgot what came into my head about what was to be sent to the newspaper—haven't you got a scrap of paper either of you, and a pencil?"

The ready hand of the faithful Louisa was in her pocket in an instant, and from its varied stores she drew forth the "Lady's Polite Remembrancer" for the year, which contained a little pencil, very neatly cut for writing.

"Will this do, dear Mrs. O'Donagough?" said she, presenting it.

"Do? Lor no! I shall break it in half a minute. But, however, that don't much signify, I may just write down a word or two, to keep what I was thinking of in my head, it was so exactly the right sort of thing. Give me some paper, Louisa?"

"Paper? Oh, dear me, where can I find any, I wonder? Do, my dear darling Miss Patty, tell me where I can find a bit of paper for good mamma?"

On being thus addressed, the newly-married lady suddenly sprung from the sofa on which she had been seated, and rushing across the room with a movement more resembling the spring of a powerful young panther than any

thing else, seized the gentle Louisa by the shoulders, and shook her heartily.

“ I’ll teach you to call me Miss Patty, you nasty old maid, you ! How dare you do any such thing ? Don’t you know that if I *am* Miss Patty still, I am just no better than I ought to be, and a pretty thing that is for you to say of your own best friend’s only daughter. Arn’t you ashamed of yourself—arn’t you then ? ”

“ I am, indeed, my dearest Mrs. Torni—oh, dear me ! How shall I speak what I don’t no more understand than if it was just so much Greek ? You must please, indeed you must, just to write down for me your name, exactly as you wish to have it spoken, and you shall see that I will never do the same thing again—no, never as long as I live.”

“ Well then, don’t bother any more about it now, but just get mamma some paper.”

By dint of hunting in various drawers, a sheet of paper was at length found, upon which Mrs. O’Donagough, notwithstanding the fragility of her pencil, contrived to scrawl the following paragraph :

“ By special license—Martha, the only daugh-

ter and sole heiress of John William O'Donagough, Esq., to Don Espartero Christinino Tor-norino. We are happy to learn from the most unquestionable authority that, though a foreigner, this distinguished nobleman is in every respect worthy of the enviable preference which has been given him by the most admired beauty of the present season. The sensation produced by the appearance of this young lady at the last drawing-room, will probably cause her immediate marriage to be a source of disappointment to many."

Having, after a good many revisals, completed her composition, Mrs. O'Donagough read it aloud, with all the dignity it deserved, and then said,

"What do you think of that, ladies?"

"Why it is first-rate beautiful, mamma," replied Patty, rubbing her hands; "only, you know, it is a downright lie as ever was told, for me and my darling were married by banns, we took care about that. As to all the rest, it is true enough for all I know to the contrary."

"Well dear, and what does that little scratch

of the pen signify, whether it's true or not," demanded her mother; "nobody will know any thing about it, and it sounds better, doesn't it?"

"Well, there—let it stand, mamma. It is not worth disputing about, certainly. Married is married, all the world over. And what you say about *him* is all right and correct. But where is he, darling beauty! I tell you what, Mrs. O'Donagough, it won't do for you to be sending my husband about right and left—mind that, if you please. And now you see papa's keeping him, whether he will or no. I won't bear it any longer, that's what I won't, so good-by to you all." And so saying, Madame Tornorino darted out of the room.

"Oh, heavens! How that charming creature's affection touches me!" exclaimed Miss Matilda Perkins. "How animated, how beautiful is her conjugal tenderness! Ah, who can witness it, and not look with envy upon happiness so pure and so exalted," she added almost inaudibly.

Patty meanwhile made her way rapidly by a sort of sliding movement of her hand, down

the banisters, rather than by the use of her feet, (a mode of descending the stairs to which she was greatly addicted when in good spirits) to the door of the room dignified by the appellation of "the library," and throwing it open without ceremony, found herself, considerably to her surprise, in the presence of two persons who were, beyond all questions, wrangling violently; and unhappily for her new-born felicity, poor little lady! these persons were her father and her husband.

["How dare you look so savagely cross at my darling Tornorino, papa?" she exclaimed, with great indignation, and at the same time throwing her arms round her husband, who, as well as her father, was standing. "How dare you, I say? Don't knit your brows at me, papa, for you know as well as I do, that I don't care the hundredth part of a farthing for your frowns—and that I didn't either before I was a married woman; so I leave you to guess how much I care for them now. But I won't have my dear darling plagued, that I won't—so mind what you are about, old gentleman."

"This is no time for playing the fool, Patty," replied her father, in a voice which, despite all

the courage of her native spirit, strengthened as it now was by her matronly position, made her quail. "Did I serve you right, hussy, I should push you out of doors this instant, with the beggarly fellow you have thought proper to choose for a husband—"

"Why do you let him talk so, Don Tornorino?" exclaimed poor Patty, bursting into tears. "You know it's all lies! Why do you let him go on so?"

"Hold your tongue, girl, and hear me!" resumed her father, in a tone that neither the bride nor bridegroom could listen to unmoved. "I have been asking this fine whiskered hero of yours a few questions, and from his agreeable answers, it appears perfectly evident that the coat upon his back constitutes by far the most valuable part of his possessions. This being the case, my young madam, I will beg you to inform me how and where you intend to live?"

"I don't believe a word of it, I don't," sobbed Patty, trembling both with rage and fear. "He is a Don, he told me so himself; I know he is a Don—arn't you a Don, my dear, arn't you?"

"Never mind. You no talk, Miss Patty, say

any thing à propos de moi. Listen, dutiful, à votre bon papa," replied her husband, disengaging himself from her arms, and placing himself behind a chair, in order, as it should seem to keep out of her way.

"Do *you* call me Miss Patty, you traitor of a man?" screamed the unfortunate wife. "If my papa is the dear good papa he used to be, he'll teach you to call your own lawful wife by such a name as that—won't you, dear pa?—won't you make him treat me like a married woman?"]

If the high-minded Mr. O'Donagough did love any thing in the world besides himself, it certainly was his daughter; and even at the present moment, though harassed by a pretty considerable variety of disagreeable thoughts, he could not see the showers of tears which fell from her bright eyes, without enough of pity and tenderness to moderate the angry feelings with which he had just addressed her, and to produce a tone of much greater gentleness as he said,

"I am sorry for you, my poor Patty, with all my heart and soul. But it will do no good to mince the matter, you have married yourself to

a fellow without a sixpence, and there are some fathers who would make little difficulty of easing themselves at once of all trouble concerning you, by turning you both into the street together. But I have not the heart to do it, Patty—though, God knows, at this time the fewer burdens I have the better. However, your mother's income is settled upon her, and in case of the worst, may be worth keeping. And so, all things considered, I am determined to treat you better than you deserve, and take you along with me. I have explained myself pretty fully to your husband, and he has wit enough, whatever other qualities he may want, to understand how I shall expect he will behave himself. So no more sobbing and crying, Patty. We must one and all make the best of a very bad matter. Things might be worse—I don't mean as to your marriage, for I don't see exactly how that could be; but I *might* have been found considerably worse prepared for the accident that has happened to me."

"What *do* you mean, papa?" demanded the astonished Patty, her eyes opened greatly beyond their usual ample dimensions, her curls hastily

pushed back, and her head extended forwards to the utmost extent of her handsome throat. "What, in Heaven's name, are you talking about? If my Tornorino is not really a Don, he is a monstrous liar, and that he knows as well as I. But I am ready to forget and forgive, because he is such a darling, and because it is as clear as light, that he only said it for the sake of being the more sure of getting me; and if you'll forgive and forget it too, papa, it will be very good natured of you. But what in the world has that to do with my 'going along with you.' Going along where, I should like to know? I don't mean to go along any where, and that's flat. I mean to stay here, and show off my wedding-ring and my wedding-clothes, and my handsome husband, to my aunt Herbert, and my cousins, and that nasty brute of a beast, Jack that was, and every body else that I ever saw or knew in all my life before. So please not to say any more about 'going along;' for all the *along* I shall be going, will just be driving along the streets in mamma's beautiful carriage to buy wedding-clothes."

The spirit of Mr. John William Patrick Allen

O'Donagough seldom failed him ; and, to do him justice, it must be avowed that he rarely permitted any emotion to be visible on his countenance, which it was his wish to hide. But as he listened to this speech from the animated Patty, he looked a less great, a less philosophical man than usual. For a moment he turned away his head to avoid her gaze, and his complexion varied. But this lasted not long ; a very short interval sufficed to restore him to his wonted happy hardihood ; and then he composedly turned to his son-in-law, saying, with very perfect self-possession.

“ Get upstairs, Tornorino ; I want to speak to my daughter alone.”

The Don, who did not appear to show in any large degree the firmness of nerve possessed by his distinguished father-in-law, delayed not for the hundredth part of a second to obey him, but instantly slipped out of the room, despite the extended hand of his wife, which seemed stretched out as if to “ clutch him,” and impede his departure.

“ Sit down, Patty,” said Mr. O'Donagough.

The puzzled Patty obeyed, her eyes still steadily fixed upon her mysterious parent.

“I am sorry to tell you, Patty, that your silly marriage is not the only, nor perhaps the worst misfortune that has fallen upon us within the last twenty-fours,” said he.

“I wish you would not go on talking of my marriage in that way, papa,” said the bride, recovering her courage as her father’s manner towards her softened. “I’m the best judge, I suppose, whether my husband is the man I love; and I tell you once for all, that he is. And if it turns out that he is not particularly rich because of his leaving most of his money behind in his own country, what can that signify, I should like to know, when, as mamma says, I am your only sole heiress; and you, as rich as you are, with your fine house and carriage, and going to court, and the lord knows what besides?”

Mr. O’Donagough knit his brows, but presently relaxed the frown, and sighed deeply.

“That is just the point, my poor dear child, upon which I want to speak to you. I have a very singular history to disclose, Patty, which

will explain, only too well, all that now appears mysterious to you," said he.

Having thus spoken, he paused for a moment, and fixed his eyes full upon her face with great solemnity; but just as he seemed about to resume his discourse, Patty stopped him by saying,

"Pray, papa, will every body go on calling me *Patty*, as you do? I can't say I like it at all; it's a monstrous disappointment to me; why shouldn't I be called by my husband's name, — with *Mrs.* before it, like other married women? I do think it is very hard."

"I will call you *Mrs. Tornorino*, my dear, if you wish it," replied her father, with a smile which certainly, notwithstanding his constitutional strength of mind, gave him a good deal the air of 'a very foolish, fond old man;' "but you know, darling, that when parents have got a beautiful young married daughter, like you, they always continue to call them by their christian name—that is, as long as they continue young and beautiful."

"Do they? Oh! I did not know that. Well then, papa, you may go on so, if you please.

But I hope nobody else will, for Tornorino is certainly the very prettiest name I ever heard in my life. Don't you think it is, papa?"

"My dear, dear, Patty! I dare say I shall think any name that belongs to you pretty. But I have a great deal of business, Patty, that must be done directly, and I do beg you will listen to what I am going to say. Do now, there's a good girl!"

"Now I am sure you say that only to torment me, papa, and for no other reason in the whole world!" exclaimed Patty, with great vehemence. "You will never make me believe that let a married woman be as young as she will, she ought to be called GIRL! It is a downright insult; and if Tornorino has as much spirit as a rat, he won't bear it, that he won't!"

Mr. O'Donagough's fondness began to give way to anger, and it was decidedly more a ban than a blessing which burst from his lips, as he started out of his chair, and striding towards his daughter placed his hands upon her shoulder, shaking her with more energy than gentleness.

"By the heaven above us, Patty, I am afraid you are a greater fool than I took you for! If

you were six, instead of sixteen, you might listen to me when I tell you that I want to speak on matters of the greatest possible importance. But if you really are too silly to care for any thing but your own nonsense, I shall leave you to your fate, and that may very likely lead to the turning you and your fine moustache into the street before you are many hours older."

These words were uttered with very considerable vehemence, and before Patty could sufficiently recover her wits to answer them, her angry father had passed through the door, and banged it together after him.

CHAPTER III.

A narrative full of mystery and interest recorded by a father to his child—Natural emotions of the youthful mind—Prudent resolves.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dauntless style in which the spirited young bride had received her father's rebuke upon the penniless nature of the connexion she had formed, she was not altogether unconscious that it was deserved, or indifferent to the dangers which might arise to herself and her "darling," were pa to get downright cross with her. It was therefore with no lingering movement that she scrambled across the room after him, threw open the door again, and sprung upon the back of his neck just as his foot reached the first stair, much after the fashion of a favourite young Newfoundland-dog who has attained his full size, but not his full gravity and discretion. Most assuredly Mr. O'Donagough

was in no playful mood, and perhaps his very first impulse upon receiving this powerful caress, was to have rejected it with equal vigour by a backward movement of the leg just raised in act to mount. But he felt that it was the hand of Patty that was at his throat, and his "one virtue" mastering him, he turned round with something between a smile and a frown, saying,

"Don't be a fool, Patty. What d'ye want?"

"Want? my own dear pap? want *you*, to be sure. How could you run away from your own poor dear Patty so? and she just married too! and all for nothing in the world but because she wanted to have a bit of fun with you! Come along back with me pa, and see if I don't listen to all you have got to say, as grave as a judge. You see if I don't."

O'Donagough, wholly overcome by this pretty *naïveté*, very lovingly threw his arm round her waist, and returned into the room they had left; but still his step and manner were so very solemn that Madame Tonorino began to be frightened outright, and when he had placed her in one chair, and himself in another, exactly opposite to

her, she looked as sober and sedate as he could possibly have desired.

“It will be necessary, my dear child,” he began, “in order to make you fully understand my present very embarrassing situation, that I should relate to you some circumstances of my early life, with which you are, and indeed your excellent mother also, as yet unacquainted. While still a very young man, my dear Patty, and, to speak with the degree of frankness necessary to the full comprehension of my singular history, by no means ill-looking, in fact, I was exceedingly like yourself, Patty; at this period, my dear, I unfortunately happened to be quartered with my regiment at Windsor. The Regent, subsequently our beloved monarch, George the Fourth, was holding his splendid court there. The *precise* time of which I speak need not be mentioned. Indeed, for many painfully important reasons, it will be greatly best that I should avoid doing so. And I will, therefore, beg of you, my dear, to ask me no questions. All that it is essential you should know I will freely communicate to you. And for the rest—”

Here Mr. O'Donagough paused for a moment, and rested his forehead upon his extended hand, as if wishing to conceal some too powerful emotion with which his soul was struggling; but, after one deep-drawn sigh, he proceeded,

“Amidst the brightest ornaments of that splendid court, my dear child, was a young lady possessed of a degree of beauty, which, even at this distance of time, I cannot recall without a violence of emotion that shakes every nerve, and teaches me that there are feelings that neither time nor circumstance can obliterate. But, alas! my Patty, the dignity of her birth and station equalled the beauty of her person. The proudest nobles of the land vied with each other for her favour. All the world loved *her*, but she, alas! alas! loved *me* alone! This too lovely, this too beloved lady, was in the habit of walking frequently upon the terrace of the castle. Her high rank insured her admittance at all times, and I, from my military command, found it only too easy to invent ostensible reasons for being there also. That terrace, that noble Windsor-terrace, Patty, is known to millions,

and remembered fondly by all who have seen it, as one of the most enchanting spots on earth. But alas! where is the aching, throbbing, palpitating memory which recollects like mine? Where is there another heart which bounds, yet sinks, which trembles, yet exults at the mere sound of its name, as mine does? My child, it was upon that terrace that the mutual love of that noble lady and your too happy, yet too wretched father was mutually confessed and mutually returned. She loved me, Patty! *Loved* me, did I say? She worshipped—she adored me! And I—can you blame me, my dear child, if—” here Mr. O’Donagough was very strongly agitated, notwithstanding his evident struggles to master his feelings, he found himself obliged to draw forth his pocket-handkerchief, and apply it to his eyes—“can you, I say, blame me, my Patty, if I loved too?”

“Good gracious no, papa! Not the least bit in the world,” replied his daughter. “I am sure you would have been a most horrid monster of a man if you had not. But do go on, pa, and tell me what happened next? Did you run away with her, as my Don did with me?”

“Patty, I dare not tell you more of this eventful history.”

“Well I never !” exclaimed Patty, looking exceedingly disappointed ; “no never in all my life heard any thing like that. Just as if telling could signify now, when it must have been such ages and ages ago. Don’t be foolish, papa, there’s a dear good man, but go on, and for goodness sake, tell me all that happened between you and this grand lady. Well to be sure, it’s no great wonder that you hold your head so high as you do sometimes, I must say that for you, pap. But pray does mamma know all about it ? Whether she does or not, however, don’t signify a straw, for I am positively dying to hear the rest, and hear it I must. So go on, papa, when I bid you.”

“For the rest, my dear, there is but little more that can or ought to be said,” replied Mr. O’Donagough, with an air of discretion befitting the circumstances. “All that I can further relate concerns myself only. The vigilant eyes of those who surrounded the noble lady, who, by the way, it is necessary I should tell you was a countess in her own right, were not slow in dis-

covering how matters stood, and the consequence to me may be easily guessed. Though well born, and highly educated, and with a military reputation (for why should I deny it, Patty?) of the very highest class, I was still considered as immeasurably below the noble object of my love. Her proud and cruel friends would not for an instant endure the idea of a marriage between us, which would make her title descend to my offspring. I was ordered to go abroad immediately, and a multitude of injurious reports were industriously attached to my name, in the hope of estranging the heart of my beloved countess. I went, Patty, a broken-hearted wanderer; I quitted my native shores, and looked my last upon my noble love. But guess my agonies when I tell you, that almost the first news I received from England, brought me the account of her marriage with a nobleman of rank equal to her own! It is torture to remember it. But no more of this, Patty. I must not, I dare not dwell on all I have suffered. Years rolled on, and brought with them the healing balm that ever rests upon their wings. I saw your excellent mother. I saw, admired, wooed, and won her,

Patty; and O for her sake, as well as for other most important reasons, I would not wish this history to be greatly talked of. That you should converse respecting it with your mother, is of course perfectly natural. But do not dwell upon the passion I have described to you—it may pain her. By your own feelings for Don Tornorino, my dear love, you may guess what her's are for me. The high nobility of my first passion will not suffice to heal the mortification arising from knowing that she never could have been more than second in my heart. You will now, in your present situation, easily understand all this, and will have too much tenderness for her, I am sure, to wound her feelings unnecessarily. You understand me?"

"Yes, I suppose I understand you, papa," replied Patty, "but I can't help thinking that what you say is very nonsensical, because it is downright humbug, and nothing else, to talk of you and mamma being like Tornorino and me. However, I'll do just whatever you like about it. And though you are so old now, it is a beautiful love story as ever was wrote in a book, and I must and will tell

my Don of it. You won't mind that I suppose?"

"No, my dear Patty, not at all," replied her father affectionately. "On the contrary, my love, I wish him to be made acquainted with all the peculiarities of my situation. They *are* very peculiar; and now I must proceed to explain to you why it is, that now, for the first time, I consider it proper to open my heart to you on this painful subject. It is, believe me, a theme inexpressibly distressing to me, particularly at this moment, when I would willingly have devoted myself to making the early days of your married life, my poor child, pass gaily and joyously. But unhappily I am compelled to announce to you the very disagreeable fact that, unless your husband has a home of his own to take you to, your honeymoon, my pretty Patty, must be passed on board ship."

"Good gracious, why? I shan't like that at all, I promise you. I mean that mamma shall go out with me directly to buy some wedding clothes, and there will be no fun in being fine unless there is somebody to admire me. I do beg, papa, that wherever you are going, you

won't set off till I have received all my visits, and returned them too. I am dying for my cousin Elizabeth to see my wedding-ring, and hear me call my tall, grand-looking husband, Tornorino. I am certain as that I am here, that she will be just ready to die with envy."

"Nothing can be more natural than your feelings, my dear Patty, and it grieves me to the heart that I cannot indulge you in them. But you have not heard my sad story yet, my dear. The persecution I have undergone has been terrible beyond belief. As long as the sweet angel lived I was obliged either to remain out of the country, or else return under a feigned name, and live in the most complete retirement, to avoid the possibility of her knowing that I was near her. Alas! Patty, a jealous husband is the most terrible of tyrants. God grant that this dreadful fate may never be yours."

"Oh! there is no danger at all of that, papa. for I love my handsome husband a great deal too well to let any body else make love to me."

"That is a great blessing, my dear, a very great blessing. But to return to my sad story. One might have hoped, Patty, might one not?

that when the lovely countess was no more, the tyrants might have ceased to persecute? The hope of this was, I assure you, the only thing which enabled me to retain my senses when I lost her. But no! even in this I have been deceived.

“For a short time indeed after my last return from abroad, on which return you and your excellent mother accompanied me, I was permitted to breathe the air of my native land unmolested; and it was dear to me because it was the air my Eleonora had breathed! But last night I received the astounding information that your appearance at court (where you were recognised as *my* daughter), had given rise to the most injurious suspicions. There are persons in certain circles, Patty, who have not scrupled to hint that the excellent woman, whom before heaven I declare to be your mother, is no more to you than your nurse, and that your real mother was no other than the lamented heiress I have named to you! This, as you will immediately perceive, throws a doubt upon the succession to her title and estates which, if it takes wind, may plunge the whole of her noble family into the horrible exposure of a trial and a lawsuit. I have ac-

cordingly received official hints that unless by at once withdrawing myself I relieve the family from this alarm, measures will be immediately resorted to for the purpose of removing me from England for ever. I leave you to guess what my feelings were on receiving this intimation."

"Why they don't mean to say that I ought to be the countess, do they, papa," demanded Patty, with considerable vivacity.

"Not exactly that, my dear. No one, I believe, has hitherto ventured to assert as a fact, what, under the circumstances, it would be so exceedingly difficult to prove. Nobody, as yet, has gone that length. But be this as it may, of the necessity of our immediately leaving England there can be no question. Were I to delay a week, I have little doubt that I should find myself an object of the most tyrannical persecution—and that, probably, for life. I have, therefore, no time to lose, and I have taken this early opportunity of communicating these facts to you, in order that you might make up your mind either to accompany your mother and myself to the United States of America, or to go immediately with your husband to such home

as he can provide for you. How do you decide, Patty?"

"I will tell you in a minute papa, if you will only let me ask you one or two questions," she replied.

"Then make short work of your questions, Patty, for I have no time to lose," said Mr. O'Donagough, once again portentously knitting his brows.

"Don't look cross, papa, and I will have done in a minute. And please in the first place to tell me whether it is quite sure and certain that I never can be a countess in my own right?"

"I am sorry to say, my dear, that there is not the slightest chance of it," gravely replied Mr. O'Donagough.

"That's no go then," responded Patty, with a slight sigh.

"Now then," she resumed, "my next question is, whether being so fond of me as you are, and I your only child, whether, I say, you could not give me, before you go, fortune enough for me and Don Tornorino to live on here a little, in good flashing style, just to plague the Huberts, and that nasty beast, Jack, before we go out after you and mamma to America?"

“Here again, my dear child,” said Mr. O’Donagough, with a truly paternal smile, “I recognise the most natural feelings, and believe me, I fully sympathise in them; but I lament to say that what you ask is altogether impossible. For the tyrants who pursue me with their jealous vengeance—”

“Do you mean the lady’s husband, papa?” cried Patty, with a sudden burst of irrepressible curiosity.

“Pardon me, my dear, I cannot answer,” replied her father with solemnity. “Nor is it in any way necessary that I should, in order to make you fully comprehend my position. Whoever they be who pursue me, their power over me is such that I cannot, without the most imminent risk to my liberty, and even to my life, attempt to realize any part of my property. Indeed, I have but too much reason to fear that by far the greater portion of the funds upon which I reckoned as the source from which your fortune should be drawn, and our own handsome manner of living supplied, will be rendered entirely unavailable by this last stroke of barbarous jealousy. All that can be done for our future comfort, depend upon it, my dear Patty, I

will do; but if you and your husband, after properly taking into consideration the fact of my almost ruined fortunes, shall still decide upon accompanying us into exile, it must be with the understanding that you are uniting your fortunes to those of a poor man—compared to what I believed myself to be—a *very* poor man, and must conduct yourselves accordingly.”

Patty looked exceedingly grave and remained silent considerably longer than was her wont on any occasion: but her father wished to hear what she had got to say in reply to his communication, and waited patiently till she spoke. At length, after heaving rather a deep sigh, she said, with an expression somewhat indicative of alarm upon her countenance.

“I don’t know what my Don will say to it, papa, because I always told him that you was so monstrous rich. Good gracious, what shall I do, if he should grow cross about it, and leave off loving me? I do think, upon my honour, that it would drive me mad.”

“In that case, my dear love,” replied her father composedly, “I should of course turn him out of doors immediately.”

“What? my own dear, darling husband? And I left by myself without any husband at all? No, no, Mr. Pap, you’ll do no such thing as that, I promise you. What you must do is this, dear papa, you must squeeze out every penny you can save from every other earthly thing, and give it all to my dear Don; and that, you know, will keep him in good humour, even if you don’t happen to live out in America in such a grand house as this. That is what you really *will* do, my own dear darling pap, isn’t it?”

And Patty sprung across the space which divided them, threw her arms round his neck, and began kissing him with more vehemence than she had ever done before, save once, when she had conceived an ardent affection for a pink satin-dress, which his fiat alone could enable her to obtain.

Upon that occasion she had succeeded; the pink satin dress had been the reward of her kisses, and it was perhaps the remembrance of this fact which made her now shower them so liberally. But her father seemed not in the kissing vein; for he disengaged himself, though gently, from her clinging embraces, and quietly replied,

“The best thing you can do, Patty, is to tell your husband the whole of the melancholy story which I have just told you ; he will then understand how things are, and if, as I suspect, his own circumstances are such as still to make his sticking close to us the best thing he can do, I dare say he will have common sense enough to keep his ground without being very troublesome. It is indeed, not impossible that I may find him useful, and in that case I have no doubt but we shall go on very comfortably.”

Patty pretty well knew when there was any thing to be gained from “ Pa,” and when there was not ; the present use of which experience was to make her quietly walk off, saying, “ that she would soon make her dear Don understand all about it.”

CHAPTER IV.

Philosophical thoughts—Brief review of the financial affairs of Mr. O'Donagough—Conjugal harmony, and unity of purpose—Pleasant jestings mixed with serious thoughts.

To prepare his beautiful Patty for the change she was about to undergo, was perhaps not the least disagreeable of the various operations which Mr. John William Patrick Allen O'Donagough knew that he had to perform before he set out upon the expedition (which as doubtless all the world will remember) General Hubert had so strenuously recommended. It had taken the affectionate father some fifteen or twenty minutes to decide in what manner the news could be conveyed to the happy bride, his daughter, with the least annoyance to her sensitive feelings ; but from the moment the matter

presented itself to his imagination in the shape which has been shown forth in the last chapter, every unpleasant sensation vanished. Nay, the interview which he had previously dreaded, became, in a considerable degree, agreeable to him.

It is, I believe, a notorious fact in natural history, that whatever instinct or faculty nature has bestowed upon an animal with predominating strength, causes in its exercise the most decided gratification; and it would be difficult to bring in evidence a stronger confirmation of this interesting phenomenon, than the state of feeling produced on the mind of Mr. O'Donagough by the act of lying. His spirits seemed to rise, his faculties to expand themselves; his features assumed a look of animation and intelligence, inconceivably beyond what they ever manifested at any other time; and if the observer's eye could have gone deeper and penetrated to his heart, it would have been found gaily bounding in his bosom in a sort of triumphant jubilee at the bold feats of his undaunted tongue.

On the whole, therefore, the half hour he had bestowed upon Patty had done him good, and

it was with no faltering voice that he called to her as she quitted the room, bidding her to send her mother to him.

Mr. O'Donagough, was, as we have said, a man of very considerable firmness of nerve, and had never, at any period of his life, been found infirm of purpose. Within half an hour of leaving his "third drawing-room" on the preceding night, in the manner described in a former series of the records of this interesting family, he had pretty fully made up his mind as to what he should do with himself and his belongings. Though he felt that the earth was not wholly before him where to choose, he was aware that quite a sufficient quantity remained open for him to prevent any embarrassment on the score of elbow-room. Nor had he that very dispiriting misfortune to contend with, which arises from the want of those sinews, so well known to be necessary in every operation which man carries on, either with or against man. His lady's provident wisdom had taken care, at the time of their marriage, that all that was hers should remain her own, and her little income was therefore as long as they remained together

a sort of *pis aller* fund, which would always prevent their being in actual want. This was well, snug, comfortable, and soothing; but this was, by no means, the most agreeable financial feature in his case.

From the time that, to use his own phrase, he had sown those wild oats which had in some way or other occasioned his last excursion across the ocean, to the present period, when it was likely that a second voyage would be the best remedy for the little *contre-temps* which had occurred in his "third drawing-room," he had never ceased adding to that small stock of private pocket-money, which he had begun to collect at his sociable whist-parties at Sydney. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to lift the veil of reserve by which he had ever kept the amount of this concealed, even from the wife of his bosom; but as accident has made me acquainted with the amount thus collected, I am tempted to name it as a proof (useful may it prove to the unthrifty!) of what may be done by steady and persevering labour.

Mr. O'Donagough, then, at this time stood possessed of a sum amounting to £12,899; of

which his wife had no more knowledge than the man in the moon. And this, be it observed, was safely stowed and funded in the English stocks, so that it was exclusive of the contents of poor Mr. Ronaldson's purse and pocket-book, which, however, amounted to very nearly a thousand more, and which now made the pleasant-feeling lining of his own coat-pocket. Assuredly, if ever man deserved the honourable title of a *chevalier d'industrie*, it was Mr. John William Patrick Allen O'Donagough, for never did he lose an opportunity of putting his time to profit, let it occur at what period of twenty-four hours it might. It may be thought, perhaps, that in this statement of Mr. O'Donagough's possessions, I have carelessly overlooked the very showy furniture of his handsome house in Curzon-street; but in point of fact I have been strictly accurate, inasmuch, as no single article of that furniture had been paid for, and consequently, in a statement so precise as the present, it could not properly have been brought to account.

Mr. O'Donagough was in the act of mentally running over precisely the same figures as

I have been now laying before the reader, when the door of his library opened, and his wife appeared. The interview which was about to take place, would have been considerably more agreeable to the gentleman's feelings, had he deemed it advisable in stating to his lady the sudden necessity for breaking up his London establishment, to have indulged in the same imaginative species of narrative as that in which he had conveyed the same information to his daughter. But after a moment's consideration, his admirable judgment decided him against attempting anything of the kind. For he felt that, in the first place, it would rob him of the advantage he might hope to obtain from the very acute faculties of his admirable wife; and secondly, those very acute faculties, now fully ripened into strong practical sharpness, would be exceedingly likely to detect what was purely inventive, and thereby render his explanation of no effect.

Determined, therefore, to be as candid in his exposition of facts, as if he had been stating matters to his own conscience, he lost no time in circumlocution.

"Shut the door, wife," he said, rather gravely,

as Mrs. O'Donagough came in, and then added, rather in a lower key, "and you may as well bolt it, my dear, and then we shall not be interrupted."

"Dear me, Mr. O'Donagough! how very foolish this is of you!" she replied; but obeyed his command, however, before she advanced into the room. "I know exactly, word for word, what you are going to say, as well as if you had spoken it every syllable already."

"Do you, my dear?" said O'Donagough. "I doubt it!"

"Yes I do. You are going to make a preachment as long as my arm about Patty's marriage; and what good is it when the thing is done and over? I know very well that I would rather have had an English lord for her. But there's no use fretting about it, and I will never forgive you as long as I live, if you refuse to give me down a good handsome sum of money out of your last night's winnings, to buy the dear creature's wedding clothes. A good deal of it, I know, we may have on credit, but not all, nor anything like all. And if you please, I want to set about it immediately."

"I have not the least objection in the world, my dear," replied Mr. O'Donagough; "and if you will be kind enough to hear what I was going to say—which has nothing whatever to do with Patty, you shall set out and buy the wedding clothes immediately after, if you like it."

Mrs. O'Donagough was too reasonable a woman to ask for a fairer promise than this, and accordingly she placed herself in the chair that her daughter had just before occupied, and replied—

"Now, then, Donny!" with the most sweet-tempered smile in the world.

"It is rather an awkward thing, my dear, that I have got to mention to you, and if you were not the devilish clever woman that you are, I should never tell you of it at all. But if you will set your wit, side by side, with mine, I am not the least bit afraid but what we shall get through the business perfectly well, and do better, for what I know, than if it had never happened."

"And what *has* happened?" replied his wife in an accent of considerable alarm.

“Why, first and foremost, that hideous old maid, Elizabeth Peters, hit off the truth last night as cleverly as if she had been the witch she looks like, and obligingly addressed me as Major Allen before Mrs. Stephenson, civilly requesting me to tell her why I had changed my name.”

“Insolent wretch!—see if I won’t be revenged of her impertinence,” exclaimed the sympathizing wife.

“And what did you say to her, my dear?”

“Why, my love, I had not time to say much, because that very fascinating personage, Mrs. Stephenson, and this above-mentioned Miss Elizabeth Peters, had politely concealed themselves behind the curtains of the recess, in order to watch me play piquet with Mr. Ronaldson. Foxcroft was in the room with us, and, good-natured fellow, as you know he is, he gave me, half in fun, you know, of course, a hint or two of the cards Ronaldson held—all which these charming ladies saw, and at the very moment when I was in the act of making so good a thing of it as would have made it signify but little whether Patty’s Don were rich or poor, they popped out of their hiding-place, and told

Ronaldson not to sign the check, for that he had been *cheated*."

"Audacious wretches!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Donagough, her expressive countenance beaming with rage. "Oh, my dearest Donny! had I been there, they had dared not for their lives have done it. In your own house too!—when they were enjoying the protection of your roof, and revelling in the magnificence of your splendid hospitality! Surely it is unprecedented in the annals of visiting. They shall be exposed for it. They shall be known for what they are, or my name is not O'Donagough. Why, Donny, I shall never again be able to own my connexion with them. They have disgraced themselves for ever!"

"All very true, my dear," replied her husband, composedly. "But, nevertheless, Ronaldson did not *sign* the check—and *I* shall be obliged to leave the country with as little delay as possible."

"Leave the country? Leave Curzon-street? And just when I am going to show off my darling Patty every where, as the youngest and most beautiful married woman in London!"

Oh! it is impossible! You never can be such a brute!" cried the unhappy Mrs. O'Donagough, in the most piercing accents imaginable.

"You do not appear to see this affair with your usual clear-headed good sense, my dear," replied her husband, with exemplary gentleness of voice and manner. "Perhaps you are not aware that if I do not take myself off, and *that* immediately, the Secretary of State for the Home Department will have all the trouble upon his own hands. But even in that case, you perceive, your bridal gaities would be equally defeated, for we should go, at least *I* should, and under the circumstances, I don't think you would find your residence here at all agreeable afterwards."

"What *do* you mean, Donny?" said the vexed lady, looking at his placid countenance with considerable indignation. "What have all the Secretaries of State in the world to do with our staying in this beautiful house or leaving it? If you are only joking, and making fun of me, as you do with that fool Foxcroft, I never will forgive you as long as I live."

"That would be very terrible, my dear," he

mildly replied. "But fortunately at this moment I run no risk of the kind; for I certainly do not consider the matter as partaking of the least degree of the nature of a joke. Nor do I see any thing like fun in being transported for life."

"Transported!" shrieked Mrs. O'Donagough, "You don't mean it?—you don't mean to say, husband, that you have really been such a fool as to do any thing to put you in the power of those horrid women? You don't mean to tell me *that*? Oh! Donny! Donny! I shall go mad!"

"God forbid, my dear," he replied, without varying a muscle of his truly philosophical physiognomy. "Anything of the kind would be exceedingly troublesome just now. But really, my dear, you agitate yourself much more than there is any occasion for; and to tell you the truth, I thought my Barnaby was too much a woman of the world to suffer such an occurrence as this to shake her courage so violently. If you will but see the thing in a proper light, and give me your assistance in getting every thing ready, and in giving the whole affair rather

the appearance of a party of pleasure, than any thing else, I have no doubt that we shall do extremely well. There are many people of very high fashion in the United States, particularly at New Orleans, and in the other slave States, and if we contrive to manage our affairs *only* as well as we have done before, my dear, you may depend upon it we shall soon find ourselves in the very highest rank of society, and perhaps better off than we have ever been in our lives."

Mrs. O'Donagough was a woman of strong feelings, yet nevertheless she was always, or almost always, amenable to reason, and long before her husband had ceased speaking, her fine spirit had recovered its tone; she felt able, and perfectly willing too, to take the particular bull, which now appeared to face her, by the horns, and by the noble exercise of the faculties of which she felt proudly conscious, to do battle with whatever difficulties might assail her, nothing doubting, from the hints her judicious husband had thrown out, that her reward would now be, what it had so often been before, namely, the placing herself considerably in advance of all her fellow-creatures, the envied of

many, and the admired of all. From this point the conversation proceeded in a tone of conjugal confidence and sympathy, that might have served as a model to all the wedded sons and daughters of Eve ; and no greater proof can be given of the happiness of such a self-contented temperament as that of my heroine, than the fact, that the interview which brought to her knowledge the proof of her husband's standing in the most imminent peril of being transported for life, left her in a state of spirits the most animated and the most happy that can be conceived.

Just as she was going to take her departure, in order to set about her own preparations, and leave her husband at liberty to make his, she suddenly stopped short and exclaimed, "But, my dear Donny, what in the world am I to say to those dear, good Perkinses ? and to that handsome creature, Tornorino ? Upon my word, that must be thought of."

"It has been thought of, my Barnaby," returned her husband with a playful smile that quite illuminated his countenance. "Patty will tell you ; but no," he added, "it will be safest

for me to give you a sketch of the thing myself, that you may make no blunders when you hear the dear child allude to it. Just listen to me, my dear, and I will make you understand *why* it is that I am obliged to leave the country."

Mr. O'Donagough then, with some humour and very considerable enjoyment, ran over the heads of the history he had been recounting to Patty concerning his early passion, and, for a few gay moments felonies, flittings, transportships, and Botany Bay, were all forgotten, and both the gentleman and lady laughed heartily.

"There certainly never was any thing like you, Donny!" said the lady, as soon as he had finished, "you have made my sides ache, I promise you."

"And there certainly never was any thing like you, my dear," he replied with a very gallant bow. "I have often told you that you were a wife made on purpose for me—and so you are."

CHAPTER V.

Friendly confidence—Beautiful demonstrations of affection—Cold caution, a painful contrast to it—Sisterly devotion—A solemn promise.

WHEN Mrs. O'Donagough re-entered the drawing-room, she found Patty and her husband seated upon one sofa, and the two Miss Perkins on another. The two former were deeply engaged in a whispering conversation, the subject of which, as the well-satisfied mother rightly imagined, was those passages in the early history of the bride's father, with which she had that morning been made acquainted. The two latter did not appear to be conversing at all, and to say truth, looked very particularly forsaken and forlorn. It was to this group that Mrs. O'Donagough immediately addressed herself, for she, too felt a pleasure in the exercise of the inventive

faculty, which was almost equal to that of her husband.

“Oh, my dear girls!” she began, “what a history I have been listening to! Such a story has come out! Mercy on me! I hardly know whether I stand on my head or my heels?”

“Oh, dear me! What is it?” cried Miss Louisa, divided between fright and curiosity, for Mrs. O’Donagough by pressing her right hand strongly against her left side, sighing deeply, and casting up her eyes towards the ceiling, gave her great reason to fear that there was some mixture of the terrible in what she was about to hear.

“I dare say it is the same thing that my beloved Patty is communicating to her husband,” said Miss Matilda, eagerly. “Do, dearest Mrs. O’Donagough, let me hear it directly. You must know how devotedly I am attached to you all, and whatever concerns any one of the dear family, is just the same to my poor heart, as if it belonged to myself.”

“You are a good soul, Matilda, as ever lived, and so is Louisa too. So sit you down, one on each side of me, and you shall hear it; though I declare to Heaven my hair actually stands on

end upon my head at the very idea of repeating it."

Saying these words, Mrs. O'Donagough seated herself in the middle of her sofa, and taking in each of her own hands one of those belonging to Miss Louisa and to Miss Matilda Perkins, she began to repeat the history she had heard from her husband, embellishing it a little as she went on, by sundry feminine traits of impassioned tenderness on the part of the young countess, and concluding with a hint that the untimely demise of that noble personage was the consequence of her unconquerable passion for Mr. O'Donagough.

The only part of the history, as recounted by that gentleman to his daughter, which did not appear in the present version, was that which seemed to infer a possibility that Patty might be the offspring of the lady alluded to, and not of the fond mother who so gloried in calling her daughter. Mr. O'Donagough showed considerable knowledge of human nature in omitting this part of the joke when discoursing on the subject to his wife. He felt that there were things which might not safely be mentioned,

even in jest, and that *this* was one of them. It would be difficult, nay, perhaps impossible, to find words capable of doing justice to the feelings of the Misses Perkins as they listened to this soul-stirring narrative. Disjointed expletives were all they could utter; but clasped hands, lifted eyes, and long-drawn breath, gave ample testimony to the powerful emotion which shook their respective frames. At length the predominating feeling of Miss Matilda found vent in words, having some show of meaning, for she uttered distinctly the following :

“ And what, my adored Mrs. O’Donagough, is it your intention to do? Go, it is plain you must—but where?”

“ Oh! in such a case as this,” replied my heroine, “ there is but one country in the world that a superior-minded man, like Mr. O’Donagough, would think of for a moment. Of course we shall go to the United States—that is, to the most fashionable part of the country. You may guess that I should not think of any other. And there I have no doubt we shall be exceedingly happy. O’Donagough is exactly the man to be

popular in a free country. All his principles and ideas are upon the noblest and most extended scale; and I know that I and Patty, too, are particularly well fitted to live happily in a country where there are slaves; in fact it is the only sort of servant in whom one can find any real comfort, and I confess to you, my dear girls, that upon the whole, I expect we shall enjoy ourselves famously."

"I have not the least doubt in the world, my dearest friend!" exclaimed Miss Matilda. "I would to Heaven I was going with you!"

"Then so you shall, by jingo!" exclaimed the bride, who had overheard the speech of her favourite. "If I say the word, it's as good as done; and that you know, Matilda—nobody better. If I had my way when I was plain Patty O'Donagough, I leave you to guess if I am likely to be disappointed, and contradicted, and plagued, and disobeyed *now* that I am a married woman, and the wife of a Don."

"Dearest Patty!—ever, ever the same!" cried Miss Matilda, with vehement emotion. "What say you, my dearest Mrs. O'Donagough? Do you think that we might be permitted to join

your delightful party? I feel sure that both Louisa and myself would know no happiness like that of devoting ourselves to you."

"Upon my life, girls, I should like it of all things; for I am sure that I shall want somebody, particularly just at first, to talk to, and to help me to settle things. Of course, my dears, you know that you would have to pay all you own expenses—that's a matter of course—and then, if Donny does not object, I won't. But what does Louisa to say it? I have not heard her voice yet?"

Upon being thus appealed to, Miss Louisa ventured to say, though her sister's eyes shot daggers at her the while, that she did not think either Matilda or herself young enough to venture upon going to a quite new country, of which they knew nothing, except that it was many a thousand of miles off, which would make it exceedingly difficult to come back again.

"Lousia Perkins! you are a fool, if ever there was one born!" exclaimed Madame Tornorino, "and you may say that I told you so."

Mrs. O'Donagough laughed aloud, and said,

"Go where you will, Patty, gentle and simple

must all agree that you have a tongue in your head. But never mind her, Louisa. You have a right to your say as well as another, and your opinion is, that America is a great way off. So it is, my dear. And you need not mind Patty's impudence the least bit in the world."

Miss Louisa Perkins seemed to be of the same opinion, and certainly looked as if her equanimity was in no danger of being shaken by that lively lady's sallies. But her feelings were differently constituted with respect to her sister; for when Miss Matilda, having seized upon her shawl, and wrapped it energetically round her, said, "Come along, sister!" she really looked as white as a sheet."

"Yes, Matilda, you had better go away now, child," observed Mrs. O'Donagough, waving them off with her hand. "It is quite impossible that I can sit still to reason upon the subject, when I have such an immensity to do. You had better talk the matter over together. All I have to say is, that if you are ready to pay all your expenses, and like to go, I shall make no objection, if Donny makes none—and you know how excessively fond he is of you both!"

“ God bless you, dearest Mrs. O’Donagough !” sighed Matilda, as she pressed the hand of her condescending friend. “ Oh, how I should glory in waiting upon you like your humblest servant in any land in the world that you could take me to !”

“ You are a very good girl, Matilda,” replied Mrs. O’Donagough, “ and I dare say Louisa will think better of it.”

But Louisa continued to maintain her ominous aspect, and with a silent, slow, and melancholy step, followed her sister into the street.

The maiden sisters walked along Curzon-street, turned so as to reach Park-lane, crossed into the Park, and still without exchanging a single word. Louisa was melancholy. Matilda moody. But having at length reached that semi-sylvan path which stretches across the green-sward towards Brompton, the full heart of the younger sister swelled too vehemently to be longer restrained, and she uttered the following words :

“ If there is one misfortune in the world more hard to bear than all the rest, it is the being tied up to a person too old and too stupid for anything.”

The meek-spirited Louisa, who knew that a storm must come, had been actually quivering, inside and out, from head to foot, in the expectation of it; and though the breeze that now began to whistle in her ears was not of the most balmy or gentle quality, she still felt in some sort relieved that it had begun, probably because the evils we anticipate are always more terrible in our imaginings than in the reality. It was, therefore, with a very perceptible attempt at a cheerful manner that she replied,

“Come, dear Matilda! don’t fret yourself! You can’t think how it spoils your good looks. And besides, my dear sister, you ought to remember that if two people *are* tied together, as you call it, the one young and the other old, the one clever and the other stupid, the clever and young one has so much the best of it, that she ought to thank God day and night, that she is not the other one.”

“It is much that I have to thank God for, isn’t it?” bitterly replied the unfortunate *cadette*. “I, that never do, never can, and never shall, I suppose, have any one single thing that I wish for! Whatever you say, Louisa, I must beg that you

will not be so disgustingly hypocritical as to pretend to tell me I am not unhappy. Oh! I am miserable!"

"I do believe you are, my poor dear Matilda," returned the elder, her eyes filling with tears, "and that it is which prevents my being so perfectly happy as the goodness of God ought to make me: for to tell you the truth, I don't a bit mind being old and stupid—because I have got used to it, I suppose. But I *do* mind seeing you fret, and pine and take on so, and all because nobody just happens to come in the way for you to be married to."

"Don't speak of that, if you please. You had much better let that subject alone," interrupted Matilda, in accents as little soothing as it is easy to imagine. "Unless, indeed, you *wish* to torture me, which may very likely be the case; and if so, you cannot do better than go on."

"Oh! Matilda! Matilda! how can you speak so? I never in my whole life wished to do any thing in the world but please you. And God knows, I love you quite as dearly as I do myself, or I might say *better*, and that without telling any fib, for I would always a great deal rather

have you pleased than be pleased myself ; and, be as angry as you will with me, Matilda, you cannot say it is my fault that you are not married yet."

"Not say it is your fault?" screamed Matilda, suddenly standing still, and turning round so as to throw a broadside of indignant eye-beams under the bonnet of her suffering sister ; "*not* your fault? That passes by far any thing that I could have thought it possible for a human being to utter ! Not your fault that I am not married ! And who was it then, if you please, who prevented my being at this very moment Mrs. Foxcroft ? I can bear any thing better than falsehood, Miss Louisa Perkins. And, therefore, I will just beg you, as a favour, never to say that again."

"Glad and glad shall I be to leave off saying any thing that you don't like to hear, Matilda ; but sometimes I don't find out what it is till too late. We will never talk any more about Mr. Foxcroft then. It is the best resolution we can take, for we know he is a bad man, and not worth any body's talking about."

"And *that* I suppose you say to please me

too, knowing as you do, cruel, hard-hearted creature, that I still doat upon him to distraction!" replied Matilda, in violent agitation. "Poor, poor Foxcroft!" she added, while the embroidered pocket-handkerchief which she carried was raised to her eyes. "How different would now have been your fate had you fallen into other hands. His only fault under Heaven was the excess of his love for me. His fond heart shrunk from the idea of seeing me living upon an income that he thought unworthy of my taste and refinement, and for this, and this only, you lacerate my soul, by making me listen to your eternal abuse of him."

"Indeed I am very sorry to hear you are so much in love with him still," returned her sister; "and rather than that, I do think, my dear, that it is better to remind you of what you heard yourself, you know. I mean his wanting so very much to marry me for the sake of my little fortune."

"He never wanted to marry you," replied the indignant Matilda. "You totally mistook his meaning—I am sure of it. All his object was to endeavour to soften your heart towards me,

and persuade you, if it was possible, into fairly dividing your fortune between us. And this you have chosen to twist and turn into his offering to marry you. But this is only of a piece with all the rest. You were born to tyrannize over me, and destroy me, and nothing is left for me but to submit. Oh! how often," she added, with a deep groan, and casting her eyes upon the Serpentine River, which they were at that moment passing, "how often do I long to plunge into that placid water, and bury my misery in it for ever."

Miss Matilda Perkins had certainly, during her thirty-six years of existence, tried pretty nearly every species of device for the management and subjugation of her truly affectionate elder sister; but somehow or other, it had never before occurred to her that she might threaten suicide; and now it was probably only the opportune sight of the water which had suggested the idea. But whatever the cause, she speedily felt inclined to bless the effect; for never before had she, even in her most energetic moments of eloquence, uttered words productive of such powerful results. Miss Louisa turned as pale as

ashes, and trembled visibly in every limb ; she clutched the arm of her sister with convulsive strength, and hurried her onward, though literally without the power of speaking a single word.

The effect of her experiment was not lost on Miss Matilda ; she attempted not to break the really awful silence which now reigned between them, but suffered her sister to drag her onward unresistingly till they had reached their own door. The knocker was made to do its office, but still they spoke not, and the door being opened, they mounted, Miss Matilda first, and Miss Louisa afterwards, to their drawing-room. There the really miserable elder sister seated herself, and burst into tears. The younger permitted them to flow for some minutes uninterruptedly, assuming meanwhile herself what she intended should be an aspect of dogged despair. At length, the poor Louisa endeavoured to rally ; she drew off her gloves, and tidily rolled them up ; then removed her shawl from her shoulders, and began a similar notable process upon it, smoothing and folding it upon her knee, but certainly looking all the time as miserable as it was well possible

to be. Matilda watched her closely; and perceiving that, notwithstanding her melancholy, she was gradually recovering from the shock she had received, and returning too nearly to the usual sensations of daily existence, she took off her bonnet, which she threw down, (notwithstanding it had a new feather in it), with an air highly theatrical, shook back her ringlets, stood up, approached her sister, placed herself immediately before her, and thus addressed her:

“Louisa!—The time is come when it is absolutely necessary that we should understand one another. The existence I have been leading under your care and control, has become much too painful to endure, and I have come at length to the firm determination of changing or of ending it. The choice, Louisa, as to whether I shall make some effort to lessen the misery I endure, or DESTROY MYSELF, I shall leave wholly to you. If you will immediately, readily, and cheerfully consent to accompany our friends, the O'Donagoughs, to America, I will consent to live, and will exert myself to the very utmost to render existence to both of us more happy in the new world, than it has ever been in the old.



But if you refuse this, if you persist in keeping me chained to this sterile land, where the best and tenderest feelings of the human heart are checked and blighted by the constant fear of not having money enough to marry upon—if, I say, you do this, instead of permitting me to try my chance in a new world, I solemnly declare to you, that I will put an end to my life; and when the awful deed is done, you may learn, too late, the danger of torturing the human soul beyond its powers of endurance. Now then, Louisa, speak! Decide! I abide your decision, and you must abide its consequences!”

Inexpressibly terrified at these dreadful words, the unhappy Louisa was ready to grant all, and every thing that was demanded of her, and eagerly throwing her arms round the tall, thin figure of her sister, as she stood before her, she exclaimed,

“Upon one condition, Matilda, I agree to every thing. You shall go, we will both go whenever and wherever you will, if you will only make me one promise.”

“Name it,” said Matilda, eagerly.

“Only promise me, my dearest sister, that if

I consent to your wishes in this, you will never think of killing yourself. Not even if you should not happen to get any gentleman to marry you in America.”

“I promise,” responded Matilda, solemnly.

Louisa exclaimed, “Thank God!” but the next moment heaved a heavy sigh. Whether this was caused by the remembrance of her own promise, or breathed as a relief from the fulness of joy occasioned by that of her sister, may be doubtful. But be this as it may, the business was settled. Matilda, in a cheerful voice, reminded her sister that a gentleman who had the eye of all the state authorities fixed upon him, like Mr. O’Donagough, would not be permitted to linger long after receiving notice that he was to go. And having given this necessary hint, she instantly set to work herself upon drawers and boxes, and by the vigorous earnestness of her labours, gave the strongest proof of the vivacity of the feelings which prompted them.

It is needless to follow the preparations of the party thus about to leave England together for the United States ; suffice it to say, that every

one of them, including Don Espartero Christinino Tornorino, was so active and expert in the several operations they were called upon to perform, that in less than a week their passage was taken in a fine ship lying in the river and bound for New Orleans, their goods packed and on board, their various affairs, agencies, and respective money concerns satisfactorily settled, and one and all of them perfectly ready to go on board.

The above-mentioned Don, indeed, though hitherto so slightly known to the reader, and rather to be considered as a stranger than an old acquaintance, will be found hereafter to possess many noble qualities, well deserving a share in the affectionate feelings, which I flatter myself his companions have already excited. The only circumstance preliminary to their sailing, which it is farther necessary to mention, is, that the principal personage, and he who was considered on all sides as the hero of the expedition, decided, after giving a good deal of consideration to the subject, that for many reasons, into which it is totally unnecessary to enter, it would be advisable that he should not appear in America under

either of his former appellations ; but, as a still farther compliment to his ever-admired wife, they should assume the style and title of Major and Mrs. ALLEN BARNABY.

CHAPTER VI.

Various reasons for not finding a river voyage tedious—

Some account of the early years of Don Tornorino—

Delightful contrast furnished by his present situation

—The soul of Miss Matilda Perkins is entranced in the ecstasy of hope.

THE mind of a passenger on board a merchant-vessel working her way up the Thames, with very little wind, and that little not above half favourable, must be exceedingly preoccupied if he do not find this part of his expedition very long and very dull. But notwithstanding the great variety of temperament by which the various individuals of the party we are about to accompany were distinguished, there was not one of them who, strictly speaking, could be said to suffer from this evil.

Miss Louisa Perkins, indeed, might, to a

superficial observer, have been classed as one of the above-named victims of a slow progress through a disagreeable region. But though her pale, thin visage had no more movement or animation in it, than that of a whiting boiled yesterday—though her very light grey eyes had a plentiful lack of speculation in them, and though she spoke not and moved not, I, who have the happy privilege of knowing every thought of her heart, take upon me to declare that no idea that the river was long or dull ever entered her head. She was there, poor thing, seated on the pea-green bench, formed by the top of the chicken-coop, on purpose to be miserable. Not that her temper was of that sour quality which leads its possessor to find an indulgence in being uncontrolledly cross; on the contrary, the temper of Miss Louisa was essentially gentle and kind; but this gentleness and this kindness had led her on the present occasion to do precisely the very thing that she most abhorred, and in truth she could hardly choose but be miserable. She hated every country and every thing that was not English, and every thing that was American, most of all



she loathed the smell of a ship, she detested the sea, and had never been in a boat to cross a ferry without being *rather* sick. And to add to all this, she greatly doubted the efficacy of their present scheme for remedying the staple misery of her sister's existence; that is to say, she greatly doubted the probability of finding an American gentleman more inclined to marry a young lady of six-and-thirty without money than an English one. So that on the whole, it was hardly possible that she could be otherwise than sad; her only comfort, as she gazed upon the dirty water through which the vessel was crawling, being the reflection that she had saved her sister from jumping into some very like it.

As to the hero of the party, as I have already very fitly designated Major Allen Barnaby, he stood in a manly and commanding attitude, his arms a-kimbo, and his legs "a-straddle," in the style of one of the *Sieur David's* classic Greeks; sometimes looking ahead, sometimes looking astern, but always with an air of consciousness that the bark which bore him and his fortunes carried no ordinary freight. The river was neither long nor dull to

him—could he forget HOW he last navigated in the same direction? Could he forget how much he had added to his little hoard since he passed up it in the other? Could he fail to feel that his glorious intellect and his happy star had enabled him again and again to rise triumphant out of misfortunes which must have overwhelmed a man of lesser genius? And remembering all this, could he do otherwise than look forward with bold hope and unshrinking confidence to the fresh career that was opening before him? To him the tedious river-voyage was but a soothing interval, during which he could indulge, without interruption or restraint, in a series of exciting calculations and a succession of reveries, each bringing flatteringly before his mind's eye the immense superiority of the new world over the old, in all the *arts* of a highly advanced state of society; and a complacent smile settled on his features as he thought of it.

Mrs. O'Donagough, to do her justice, seldom felt any thing to be tedious; she could always find, or make opportunities for displaying both her mind and body to advantage; and who that

does this can ever find any portion of existence fatiguing? Before the ship reached the Downs, she had made pretty nearly every sailor on board, as well as the captain and the three mates, understand that she knew very nearly as much about a ship as they did—that besides all the personal beauty which remained to her (and she really managed to take off ten years of her fifty-five much better than the generality of those who try their talents at the same operation), besides all that remained, she clearly made them all understand, that she had some few years ago been infinitely handsomer still. To the cook she gave some admirable instructions in ship cookery. On the mind of the steward she strongly impressed the necessity of furnishing the passengers, particularly the ladies, with a liberal allowance of *good* toddy if he wished to keep them from the horrors of seasickness, and she made the little black cabin-boy thoroughly understand, that if ever he hoped to see the colour of her money he must never fail to come to her whenever she called, let who would want him elsewhere. With all this to be done, could she find the river-voyage too long?

As to Don Tornorino and his lady, they had both mutually and separately much to amuse them. The gentleman had very many reasons for feeling himself happy and contented, and truly he was so ; but to what an extent no one can guess who is unacquainted with his previous history, and as his fate is now so closely united to that of the amiable race to whose memoirs I am thus sedulously devoting myself, a slight sketch of his early life may be desirable.

As I pique myself upon the unvarnished truth of my narratives, I shall honestly confess to the reader that Don Espartero *et cætera* Tornorino was not by birth an hidalgo ; on the contrary, indeed, his mother was a washerwoman and his father a tailor. But in a country where the wholesome exercise of revolution is going on so prosperously as it has been long doing in Spain, it matters little what a man's father may be, provided he himself knows how to profit by the delightful whirlwind of accidents by which he is sure to be surrounded.

The young Tornorino was a very pretty boy, and he was a very sharp boy ; and moreover he was a very musical boy ; and by the help of all

these good gifts together, there were few youngsters in that not very tranquil country who had so pleasant a life. He was very religious, too, and all the priests that were left in Madrid made much of him. He both danced and sung to perfection, and Juan Christino delighted in him.

Several semstresses were willing to make him shirts for nothing; and there was not a cook's shop in the city, that had a woman in any part of the establishment, where he might not get the very best of dinners for the asking. Besides all this, his excellent and patriotic father had become a *chef-d'escadron* to some faction or other, I really forget what, and his mother, lady of the bedchamber to her Majesty; so that his position in society appeared as assured as it was brilliant, and a happier young Don never strutted through the highways and byways of Madrid than the young raven-haired Tornorino.

All this lasted till he was twenty-four years old and three months, and then, poor fellow, just as he had got confirmed in every habit of extravagance, luxury, and indulgence, he was literally turned from the court into the gutter. His father was shot as a traitor, having very

unluckily been caught in the fact of appropriating some small regimental funds that happened to come in his way. His mother was discarded from her high and very distinguished office, and a young milliner installed in her place; and the poor petted son, for no reason in the world that I know of, save that he had outlived the royal lady's favour, was also informed that his attendance was no longer required. The unfortunate widow of the gallant *chef-d'escadron* died of starvation within the year, and her accomplished son sold eleven of his twelve guitars, all his gold snuff-boxes, and five of his six sword-knots, in order to convey himself to England, and try his fortune there.

And a dismal fortune it proved, poor fellow! As soon as the few naps he had brought with him had disappeared, he tried a greater variety of expedients to get more than I have time to record. Among other things he played in the orchestra at Drury Lane, and danced in the ballets at Covent Garden—he gave lessons in most living languages to all who would be so kind as to learn, and offered to teach the guitar for a shilling a lesson.

But somehow or other nothing succeeded with him. He was almost always taking a siesta when he ought to have been rehearsing at the theatre; and he no sooner got a pupil than he began making love to the mother or the sister, and so got kicked into the street. Then every farthing of money he got he was *obliged* to spend at some Leicester-square *restaurant's*, where he could obtain a *plat* or two, seasoned with a little garlic, for he felt as if he really must die if he attempted to swallow a chop or a steak prepared for him at his lodgings. But after all, there was really as little harm in him as could reasonably have been expected under the circumstances; and amongst the multitudinous patriots with which London abounds, Patty might easily have done worse.

The variety of pleasant thoughts which now chased each other through the young man's head as he sat beside his bride, quietly and smilingly receiving and returning her caresses, was perfectly delightful. By far the most distinguishing feature of his mind was a love of ease, and, indeed, of indulgence of all kinds, and this had made the privations endured since

reaching England something almost too dreadful to think of. His reverence for the father and mother of his young wife knew no bounds. He saw that their manner of living was exceedingly far removed (as far at least as he could judge of it) from dry mutton-chops, hard beef-steaks, black cold potatoes, and muddy beer. These various articles had formed a large portion of his misery for the last four years; and the idea that he was now to live daintily (comparatively speaking) and do no work, wrapped his senses in a sort of sweet elysium that kept him in a continual smile. Moreover he loathed, hated and abominated the climate of England to a degree, that made the act of sailing away from it something little short of rapture. He was going to see the sun again! The very name of New Orleans, whenever it reached his ears, caused him to display his well-set white teeth to an unmitigated excess; and so perfectly well satisfied was he with his present position, that had Queen Christina stood before him, he would have snapped his fingers at her, and would hardly have consented to change it, had the great general whose name he had assumed offered his own to him instead.

As for Patty—nobody who knows Patty could doubt for a moment her being in a state of perfect felicity; for in spite of Jack and all his false-heartedness she was married, and instead of having one kiss to talk about, she had now more than she could count, and the river seemed to her a very pleasant river, the wind, a very good wind, and the ship, a very nice ship.

But of all this happy, well-contented party, the most supremely happy, and the most rapturously well-contented was beyond all question Miss Matilda Perkins. The annoyances that the Don was leaving behind him were light indeed compared to the various and for-ever recurring sources of agony which had lacerated her tender bosom for years.

Never, perhaps, had any woman loved so often and so devotedly! Oh! she felt to the very centre of her soul that she deserved to be loved again, and the having failed of this well-merited reward, and that too through at least twenty years of unremitting though various affection, had left a bitterness of indignation at her heart, which poisoned all her hours, and rendered her life one mournful long-drawn love-lorn

sigh. But now, how delightfully was all around her changed ! What a rainbow radiance fell upon every thought of the future.

Hope sprang aloft upon exulting wings ;

the bark that supported her slight figure, as she gracefully leaned over the taffrail, seemed wafted by breezes from heaven, and its sails filled by the soft sweet breath of love.

Miss Matilda was, in her way, a great reader ; she had dipped into several accounts of America, and she was quite aware how exceedingly the natives were behind hand in all matters of grace and fashion. What an enormous advantage therefore would this give her over all the native daughters of the land ! How certain did she feel that her knowledge of life, her elegant manners, her particularly small waist, and two or three new bonnets and dresses which she had bought at the bazaar two days before she set off, would place her in a position of immeasurable superiority above every body that she was at all likely to be seen with ! In short, her swelling heart felt no fears for the result ; and the only thing approaching anxiety which crossed her

mind was the question whether it would be best for her to accept the first man that offered, or wait a little to take the advantage of choice.

Miss Matilda certainly did not mean to assimilate herself to a housemaid ; nevertheless, having a general idea that a certain letter concerning Australia, which she had heard greatly admired, was somehow or other about America, she could not but recall with interest the historical fact therein mentioned, which records that marriageable females arriving from the motherland were so eagerly sought in wedlock there, that proposals were made to them as they approached the land through speaking-trumpets. Had this circumstance been recalled to the mind of Miss Matilda as one which had influenced her wish to leave England, it is highly probable that she would have rejected the suggestion with disdain, and have declared herself not such a fool, as to take for earnest, what was perhaps written in jest.

It is, however, unquestionably certain that there had been moments in the course of the last ten years of Miss Matilda Perkins's existence, during which this graphic image of

abounding husbands had returned again and again to her fancy, throwing a sort of El Dorado halo around the name of America, which had not been without its effect.

"I know it is put down there most likely in the way of a joke," she had one day said to herself, in musing monologue; "but for all that, I dare say it means something. There is no fire without smoke." And Miss Matilda looked at the map.

But how could her wildest dreams at that time have painted the possibility of her ever traversing such a world of water? Yet here she was, beyond the possibility of a doubt, actually embarked on board a ship bound to America! The fact was so extraordinary, so astounding, so delightful, that sometimes it seemed to transcend all reasonable belief, and at others to elevate her spirits almost beyond the power of restraining them within proper limits. Such a delightful party too! Her *most* particular friend, a young married woman! proverbially the best of chaperons! And then, her husband so fond of her! Such happiness between them? continually suggesting to every one who

saw them the dear idea of matrimony, as the easiest and surest mode of attaining perfect felicity ! Can we wonder that the soul of Miss Matilda was swimming in bliss, as buoyantly as the ship was swimming upon the waters ?

And thus they made their way down “the majestic bosom of the ‘Thames ;’” the only grumbling observation proceeding from the lips of poor Louisa. And that was not much, she only muttered to herself, “It is a long lane, they say, that has no turning ; but, oh dear ! it is a longer still that has got so many.”

CHAPTER VII.

Emotions of the party in landing at New Orleans—Their reception at Mrs. Carmichael's boarding-house—Peculiar conformation of that lady—The party instal themselves—The Don proves useful.

WE will not a second time follow the O'Donagough—henceforth the BARNABY—family step by step, or rather knot by knot, across the Atlantic. After a safe and not particularly long passage, they arrived at the Balize, and being placed under the towage of a steamboat, began to make their way up the lordly, but gloomy-tempered Mississippi.

“Thank God!” exclaimed Major Allen Barnaby—for it was thus he now commanded himself to be constantly designated—“thank God!” he exclaimed, as he sprung on shore on the handsome quay of New Orleans. “We have

had a devilish fine passage ; but I am not sorry it's over."

"We are none of us sorry it's over, I dare say," replied his portly lady, as soon as she had recovered her balance upon first finding both her feet once more on *terra firma*. "We are the very luckiest creatures upon God's earth, that's certain, major. How the sun shines, don't it?"

The facility with which it was probable "Mrs. Barnaby" would fall again into her old habit of calling her husband "major," had, in truth, been one reason why her John William Patrick Allen O'Donagough Barnaby had chosen to assume that title in preference to every other—and the scheme answered completely; for so naturally did she resume this appellation, endeared to her doubtless by the remembrance of the early days of her love, that from that time forward, she was never known to blunder when addressing him, excepting that now and then at the name of Allen, which he had slipped in before that of Barnaby, as if to identify himself, she would come to a full stop.

"And now, captain," said the restored major,

“can you lend us a lad just to take these few light articles that the custom-house gentlemen have done with, and show us the way to the boarding-house you were talking about?”

“Cæsar, cabin-boy, shall go along with ye,” replied the captain. “Only I’m thinking that Madam Carmichael will hardly, it may be, have place enough to put you all up, and without notice given too. But for all that, you had best go to her and say I sent you. She’ll be able, I expect, to get some of ye lodged out of the house if there is not room in it.”

The whole party amounting, as we know, to half a dozen, were by this time collected in a knot, and ready to start. On the whole, perhaps, they did not present a very elegant *coup-d’œil*, but it is rarely that any ladies appear to advantage on arriving from a voyage. Yet they had all, save the poor, worn-out Miss Louisa, done the best they could towards restoring their appearance. Mrs. Barnaby had liberally refreshed her rouge, and put on a clean collar—but her “front” was sadly out of repair, being, in fact, entirely worn out, and permitting her copious locks of dappled grey to peep forth in

various places from amidst the scanty sable, with which it was her object to conceal them. Madame Tornorino, however, certainly looked a great deal handsomer than she ever did before in the whole course of her life, for she was almost pale, and considerably thinner than before her voyage; but her costume was anything but in good repair, and she had *not*, like her mamma, thought it necessary to put on a clean collar. The hopeful, ardent-minded Matilda, was unhappily thinner than ever, and so pale, that as she turned her eyes from her own cheeks, as shown to her once at a time in the useful little glass set at the back of her hair-brush, as she turned her eyes from those pale cheeks to the glowing bloom on those of Mrs. Barnaby, she suddenly and secretly came to the resolution, that for the future she would herself (in a moderate way) take advantage of the aid which nature, with her usual provident kindness, has prepared for the fading carnations of females of delicate constitution. For the present, however, this was out of her power, as Mrs. Barnaby's rouge was always locked up; but she thought that at the present moment she should lose little by

the pallid delicacy, which, in consideration of her long voyage, could not but be interesting. She therefore gave all the care that circumstances would permit to other decorations. For how was it possible she could tell *who* she might see? Not only did she put on a clean collar, but a clean cap too; yet she suffered her hair to fall somewhat too languidly on each side of her face, for it was a *little* out of curl. But oh! how she pitied poor dear Mrs. Barnaby for having all her beautiful hair turning grey! and how heartily she thanked Heaven in her heart of hearts, that not even her sister Louisa had a grey hair, which plainly showed it was not in the family, and gave her the most charming hope for her own future. So her gauze cap, with its pale pink bows, was set very far back on her head, and the bonnet which was lightly placed upon it, had quite the air of a *chapeau de jolie femme*. The two gentlemen, also, had somewhat refreshed their toiles, in compliment to the character given of Mrs. Carmichael by her friend the captain, which was, that she was as first-rate a lady as any in the place, and “unaccountable smart to be sure.”



With a light truck to convey such baggage as they were permitted to take from the ship, before the Custom-house had done its duty, the young negro, Cæsar, moved on before them, and the party followed under a broiling sun to the boarding-house.

Excepting Don Tornorino, who luxuriated in the warmth like a humming-bird, the whole set felt ready to lie down and expire before they had traversed half the distance they had to go. But as the major strode resolutely on without flinching, the four ladies felt that they must stride resolutely on too, and they did so with a degree of enduring patience that did them honour. Fortunately, on arriving at the house of Mrs. Carmichael, they were desired to "walk into the keeping-room;" had they been turned from the door, the most of them felt quite certain that they should not have lived to reach another.

It is almost worth while, however, to endure the fervid heat of a southern climate, for the sake of enjoying the delicious devices by which the ingenuity of that very clever creature, man, contrives to quench its terrors, and turn its very torment into luxury.

The apartment into which Mrs. Carmichael's negro footman showed the panting Europeans, was a room of some forty feet long, by twenty wide, and lofty in proportion. The expansive floor was covered by cool-looking matting, and round the walls were ranged a variety of sofas, formed for lounging in every possible attitude of Louisianian indolence. Four ample windows opened like folding-doors upon a balcony, rendered almost impervious to the light, by being on all sides surrounded by Venetian blinds; and on a table within the room stood one or two enormous decanters of water, with lumps of ice floating in them; tumblers of all sizes, about a dozen lemons, and abundance of sugar; while under the table stood a basket-covered flask of whiskey, of a goodly size; a dozen or two of light cane-bottomed chairs were scattered about the room, lying upon many of which, as well as upon the tables and sofas, were a multitude of large feather-fans, the profusions of which might have struck the strangers as a whimsical peculiarity, had not their obvious utility been so very strongly felt.

“My goodness gracious, what a heavenly

place!" cried Patty, instantly taking possession of a sofa, throwing herself at full length upon it, and seizing upon the largest fan within her reach. "By your leave, ladies," she added, taking off her bonnet, and tossing it upon the ground, "married women, you know, are always permitted to take liberties."

"What a blessing, to be sure, to come into a room like this, after such a walk," said Mrs. Barnaby, carefully wiping her face, so as to remove as little of her rouge by the operation as possible. "I hope to goodness, major, we arn't to stay in this horrid climate long. However, as long as we *do* stay, we can't be better off than here, so you must loosen your purse-strings, if you please, if it should prove that the elegant lady the captain told us of happens to be rather upish in her prices."

"We'll see about that, my dear," replied her husband. "It will be a great object, to be sure, to get into a place where one can breathe. But money is money, remember, in America as well as in England."

"Il rappelle," said the delighted Spaniard, "the soft atmosphere of Madrid."

“I am sure they must be a most delightful people,” cried Matilda, who, though not a married woman, had ventured to follow the example of Patty, and was both lying down and fanning herself without ceremony. “How irresistibly,” said she, “all this seems to suggest ideas of—in short, I am certain it must be a most domestic country from the evident care taken to make home agreeable.”

As usual, poor Louisa spoke not. Indeed, she had hardly done so since she left her native land, but gently, unobtrusively, and apart, she groaned.

And now a sound was heard as of the approach of slippers too large for the wearer’s feet, and kept on by dint of shoving them onwards at each step, without venturing to raise them from the ground, and then the voice of hard and difficult breathing was perceptible, and then the door of entrance was darkened from side to side, as if a feather bed, exactly not too large to be pushed through it, was being thrust into the room. Of course, the twelve eyes of the new comers were all turned towards the object thus appearing before them, and notwithstanding the

obscurity of the apartment, they one and all very soon became convinced that huge and shapeless as was the approaching mass, it was nevertheless a human being, and moreover a woman.

“Smart,” murmured Patty, in a voice not quite audible to the panting dame. “What could that fool of a captain mean?” And certainly in Patty’s acceptance of the word, his application of it might seem strange enough.

The person of Mrs. Carmichael, the dimensions of which were, seen in whatever direction she could be placed, very nearly six feet by four, was not only enormous in size, but so astonishingly out of all ordinary shape, as to make it no easy matter to clothe it at all. It is not very surprising, therefore, considering the prodigious bulk of every limb, whereby every movement became a labour, that Mrs. Carmichael should get into her clothes with as little labour and pains as possible. And then the heat. Poor Mrs. Carmichael suffered dreadfully from the heat, and certainly cared greatly less how her draperies looked in the eyes of others, than how they felt to herself. So her enormous white calico gown, with its colossal hanging sleeves, was fastened so

loosely in the front by one single pin, as to create perpetual alarm in the bystanders, as to the stability of the investiture by which this very important portion of her covering was attached. There was indeed what might have been about a yard square of pink gauze loosely tucked in around the bust ; but even this depended for its adhesion to the same aforesaid pin, and without it must have floated away into air still thinner than itself.

Notwithstanding the immensity of Mrs. Carmichael's person, it was not, as in the case of a preternaturally-expansive oak-tree, the result of advanced age, every year of which had added to its bulk. All the fat which had thus miraculously found a resting-place on the bones of Mrs. Carmichael, had been considerably less than forty years in collecting itself together, and had her face been finished by one chin, instead of three, and the rest of her features in less evident danger of being smothered, she would have been far from ill-looking. Excepting the pink gauze and the white robe already described, with the probable garment under it, together with her large slippers, and probable stockings, she was

> as much without the foreign aid of ornament as Eve herself. Stays she had none; she wore nothing on her head; nor was there the slightest reason whatever to suppose, that she was embarrassed by any thing more in the way of clothing than what has already been described.

Excepting the hard-breathing, and an occasional ejaculation expressive of fatigue from moving, Mrs. Carmichael uttered nothing for several minutes after she entered the apartment. Having at length made her way to the part of the room where Major Allen Barnaby stood fanning himself, she dropped down upon a large cane-chair, without any arms, every part of which, back and all, became so completely invisible, that she seemed to have perched herself on a three-legged stool—having thus deposited her person, she fixed her soft eyes on the Major's face, and seemed to expect that he should speak first. But her heavy breathings gave her so much the appearance of being, as yet, unfit for any exertion, that her visiter was too polite to address her, and it was therefore Mrs. Carmichael herself who at last opened the conversation.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" said she, in a voice which, notwithstanding her want of breath, was harmonious, though somewhat drawling.

"I have called, madam," he replied, "at the request of our friend Captain Tims, to inquire whether you can accommodate our party with board and lodging."

'Mrs. Carmichael eyed the numerous group very complacently.

"For the whole kit of you, sir?" she demanded, with a smile as sweet as it was possible a smile could be from lips so overwhelmed by cheeks.

"Yes, madam, for all of us."

"And for a goodish spell, sir?"

"Very likely, madam; but that must depend on circumstances."

"Of course, sir, of course. Well then, I don't know—I rather expect I might make it convene, provided any two of the ladies could lie together."

The two Miss Perkinses exclaimed at the same moment, "Oh, we can do that, ma'am, quite well."

"Well now, I calculate it might be done

then ; but in course you'll be wanting to see the rooms before you agree ; and that's what black Jessy can do for you."

And so saying, she clapped her great soft hands together, and though the sound thus produced was rather a dumb one, it sufficed to bring a smart-looking negress into the room, who having received sufficient orders from her mistress, stepped lightly and not ungracefully forward to do her bidding, turning her face towards the strangers, and displaying her white teeth, as an invitation to them to follow her.

This the "whole kit" did, though with some reluctance, perhaps, at being obliged to put themselves in motion again. But the great large house was really as cool as it was possible a New Orleans house in the month of July could be, and they could hardly fail of being satisfied with the well ventilated rooms, clean mosquito bars, and handsome wardrobes, which were displayed to them.

"This will do, major, capital, won't it?" said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, in high good humour.

"Yes, my dear ; if you will undertake to pay for it," he replied.

“Don’t come with any of that sort of nonsense over me, Donny,” she replied, forgetting herself for a moment. “I am not going to begin the old Sydney way over again, I promise you. You’ll remember, my dear, that I am a little more up to your doings than I was then; and if I give you the assistance of my talents, and keep you up with my respectability and fashion, I shall expect to be comfortably lodged in return, I promise you.”

This was, however, all conjugally whispered in the ear of her husband, as they stood apart together for a moment, in a room that was decidedly the “biggest and the best,” and which both of them had tacitly selected as their own.

“We shall see, my dear, we shall see,” he replied, without displaying any marks of anger at her remonstrance; “but you know as well as I do that every thing must depend upon the chance of finding people that will *suit* us.”

“Of course, dear, of course. But take my word for it, major, that you will do nothing to signify, either here or any where else, if you don’t carry it with a high hand at first, and

make them understand that you are somebody."

"You are not far wrong there, my dear; and now let's go down again to our Fatima. By the way, this New Orleans beauty makes you look as slender as a girl, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby."

Some thought of the same kind had already passed through the analytical head of Mrs. Allen Barnaby herself, and she felt so kindly disposed towards the person who could produce so agreeable an effect, that the negotiation which followed their return to the keeping-room, was speedily brought to a happy termination.

Poor Miss Louisa Perkins started a little at hearing that she was to pay ten dollars a week for herself and her sister; but permitted herself to be satisfied upon Mrs. Carmichael's proposing to abate one, provided the ladies did not mind sleeping in *rather* a small room up-stairs that looked towards the west.

All preliminaries being thus happily settled, the party gladly accepted their obliging hostess's invitation to take possession of the keeping-room and its sofas, till such time as the arrival of their

baggage should enable them to settle themselves in their own apartments, and get ready for dinner; the hour for which, she informed them, was five o'clock.

It was now nearly two, and some natural anxiety began to be expressed by the ladies, lest those ever precious objects of interest, their trunks, might not arrive in time.

And now it was, that for the first time, Patty's Don gave evidence that it was possible he might be of some little use, for upon Major Allen Barnaby's declaring that he neither could nor would go out again during the heat of the day, for all the trunks in the world, the young Spaniard declared that the sun was delightful to him, and having received the most distinct instructions from each particular lady, as to which particular box, it was especially essential he should get released for her INSTANTLY, he set off upon his mission, and performed it so well, that by four o'clock the whole party were made supremely happy, by finding themselves in the full enjoyment of their unpacked treasures, and as well able to make themselves fine, as if they had never left London.

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Matilda suffers a good deal from sundry difficulties in dressing herself, but finds consolation in conscious grace — Mrs. Carmichael's boarders introduced by name and by fame—Conversation among the ladies—The soul of Mr. Allen Barnaby is awakened to new objects and new hopes.

AT five o'clock precisely an immense dinner-bell sent its startling sound through every apartment of Mrs. Carmichael's establishment, but lest the uninitiated strangers might not immediately be aware what the sound meant, a brace of negro-girls were sent by the attentive hostess, to tell them that "every body was done finished dressing, and gone down to dinner."

This notice came in welcome time to every body, except Miss Matilda ; but she, poor dear young lady, had failed in no less than three dif-

ferent head-dresses, which she had attempted to arrange with a peculiarly novel effect ; and having listened unmoved to her sister's repeated entreaties to "make haste, and not to mind just this first day," and so forth, she was at length obliged to tear herself from her looking-glass, at the bidding of Black Jessy, with half her lank ringlets tucked back, because they would not curl, after being so long trifled with in the fervid atmosphere of Mrs. Carmichael's west room. She was, however, comforted with the consciousness that her dress "sat like wax," and that her tight sleeves made her look uncommonly young. With such elasticity of step as this dear thought sufficed to give her, she preceded her quiet sister down stairs, being ushered into the dining-room by Jessy, just as about eighteen ladies and gentlemen, with Mrs. Carmichael at their head, had taken their places at table.

Some little bustle followed this tardy entrance ; but this over, the business of the hour began—a business which in every party varies according to the individual character of those who compose it. Some, as usual, thought most of the nature of what was put upon the table to eat, and others

of the nature of those who sat round the table to eat it. Eight out of the twelve of Mrs. Carmichael's previous boarders, were gentlemen, a preponderance highly agreeable to most of the newcomers.

Don, or *Monsieur* Tornorino, as Mrs. Carmichael called him, cared not a straw about the matter, nor would Miss Louisa have paid more attention to it than he did, had it not been that she knew her "poor dear Matilda" would be pleased; a conviction which rendered her pleased too.

Mrs. Allen Barnaby always confessed, that on the whole, she greatly preferred the society of gentlemen to that of ladies. Patty, in this, — appeared likely through life to follow her mamma's example. The major had almost given up looking at ladies at all, even to discover whether they were young or old, handsome or ugly, so perfectly was he aware that little or no profit could be made of them. And as for our fair Matilda, her feelings on the occasion may surely be left to the sagacity of the reader to discover.

"Major Allen Barnaby, gentlemen," said Mrs.

Carmichael, with a sort of circular bow to the table, "and Monsieur Tornorino, his son-in-law."

This, by all the laws of New Orleans' elegance, was a proper and sufficient introduction of the whole party, and as such it was received; for as the dinner proceeded, the new guests, whether male or female, were occasionally addressed without reserve by the former ones. Of these former ones, two ladies and two gentlemen were newly-married couples, beginning their married lives by indulging in a "spell of boarding;" the domestic indolence which it permits, rendering, it in all parts of the Union, a very favourite portion of human life, but more especially so in the South, where every exertion is considered as a positive evil. These two exceedingly happy couples were known respectively by the names of Mr. and Mrs. Anastasius Grimes, and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hucks. The two other ladies were a Mrs. and Miss Beauchamp, and one of the other gentlemen, a Colonel Beauchamp, the husband of the former, and the father of the latter lady.

Mrs. Beauchamp, in any other country than

the United States, might still have been considered as young, for she was still remarkably handsome, and wanted three years of forty. Her daughter, a young thing of scarcely seventeen, was as beautiful a girl as it was well possible for the eye to look upon; yet all lovely as she was, it was probable that she would in a year or two be more lovely still; for her graceful form was almost too slight and *élancée* for feminine perfection of outline. But her dark eye already sparkled with intelligence that looked as if the spirit were of greater maturity than the fair shrine it inhabited. She was seated between her father and mother, who seemed to vie with each other in noting every thing she did, and every thing she said.

Then there were two elderly gentlemen, who soon contrived to make it known to the strangers that they were members of congress; a younger man, by name Horatio Timmsthackle, who hinted at literary occupations; and another, younger still, Mr. Washington Tomkins, who seemed the man of fashion, *par excellence*, of the party, for he was more gaily dressed, and gave himself incomparably more airs than any

one else. Lastly, there was an Englishman, also a young man; but he gave himself no airs, and was in no way remarkably dressed, but being seated immediately opposite the beautiful Miss Beauchamp, appeared to find more amusement in watching her tricks, than in exhibiting any of his own.

And, in truth, this remarkable young lady afforded him sufficient observation in this way, for her lively mobility equalled her beauty. Whether she ate any dinner at all might have been doubtful at the conclusion of the repast, even to an accurate observer; for it was very difficult to note any thing save the expression of her most beauteous face, which recorded a rapid succession of observations on every one present.

For the most part, however, these appeared not to be in the quizzing line, but to be made up of quick remark and a sort of meditative interpretation, which seemed again and again to be the consequence of it. Her dress was as much out of the common way as herself, being composed of the smooth shining linen-cloth of which children's pinbefores are made; but it was delicately fine, and more of an iron-gray, than of the

usual yellowish tint. At the throat and wrists it was relieved by the plain white collar and cuffs which a boy might have worn; but the *corsage*, which was fastened in front by a row of little white sugar-loaf buttons, had, like Rebecca's vest, at the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, its two or three last buttons unfastened; and where are the pearls, or the diamonds, or the rubies, or the emeralds, which would have struck the eye with such a sense of beauty as did the ivory neck thus displayed? The dress was confined round her slender, but not wasp-like waste, by a neatly-fitting band of the same material of which it was made, and the whole effect was enough to have caused a fashionable dressmaker to hang herself, for it proclaimed, with an eloquence not to be mistaken, that her art was worthless. The dark brown silken hair of the beauty appeared to be all of the same length, and was gathered into one smoothly twisted mass, forming a close rich knot at the back of her beautiful little head. Madame Tor-norino was seated at the same side of the table as this Annie Beauchamp, and the young English man, notwithstanding his *étude suivie* of

the fair American features, threw a glance from time to time upon his young countrywoman ; the contrast between them was remarkable, and probably did not escape him.

The conversation at an American dinner-table is never much, but the major contrived to find out that the gentleman next him, a Colonel Wingrove, and one of the members of Congress, was fond of a game of piquet, and that Mr. Washington Tomkins, the young man of fashion who sat opposite, was considered as very rich, played at billiards and *écarté*, was trying to get up a horse-race, and was ready to bet upon any thing and every thing. So, on the whole, Major Allen Barnaby thought the party agreeable, or at any rate, that the party composing it had the power of being so.

Considering the number of persons at table, the repast was over in an incredibly short space of time ; and then all the gentlemen starting up, the ladies started up after them, the male part of the society strolling off to sundry coffee-houses, and the ladies returning to the "keeping-room," where they amused themselves by drinking lemonade and making conversation.

The extreme heat of the weather might have induced them to scatter themselves as widely as possible apart, for which species of luxury the ample apartment was well suited, had it not been that the natural curiosity of the sex, as well as of the country, induced the American ladies to gather round Mrs. Allen Barnaby and her party, when, by degrees, all reserve disappeared, and the talk among them flowed as freely as if they had known each other for years. The massive Mrs. Carmichael, indeed, soon ceased to be of the society, for sleep overpowered her, and stretched at full length and breadth upon an enormous sofa, she presently ceased to betray any symptom of animated existence, except heavy snoring.

“You have come over in an unaccountable hot season, ladies,” said Mrs. Beauchamp, graciously addressing the whole group. “It will be wonderful luck if you all keep out of the fever, and you all fresh Europeans.”

“Is there any catching fever in the town, ma’am?” demanded Miss Louisa Perkins, in a voice of alarm.

“Oh my ! what a funny question,” returned

Mrs. Beauchamp, laughing. "Why in summer and autumn time, New Orleans has always got plenty of fever."

"Dear me! Then I hope the major will not think of staying," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby. "A young married woman like my daughter, Madame Tornorino, should always be extremely careful of her health."

"Oh! I don't mind the fever a farthing," said Patty, gaily. "I'm so glad we've got here, for my husband is so delighted with it!"

"That certainly shows that he is a gentleman of taste," replied Mrs. Beauchamp, "for New Orleans is, past doubt, one of the finest cities in the known world."

"Oh, mother! I wish I could see some of the cities in the *unknown* world!" exclaimed her daughter.

"What the European cities, I expect you mean, my dear? Well, more unlikely things have happened than that. An only daughter, ma'am—perhaps yours is an only daughter too, and then you will quite understand me when I say, that the only daughter of a gentleman of good standing, very seldom sets her longing

upon any thing, without having a good chance of getting it."

"Perfectly true, ma'am," returned Mrs. Barnaby, with dignity and feeling. "Madame Tor-norino is an only daughter, and I cannot deny that her father's ample fortune has ever anticipated her every wish. So you have fixed your heart upon going to Europe, have you, young lady?"

"I?" said Annie. "Oh no! I have hardly seen any thing in my own beautiful land yet."

"I only thought so," returned Mrs. Barnaby, "from what you said about wishing to see the cities of the unknown world, you know."

"Do you call Europe an unknown world?" said Annie, innocently.

"Why, no my dear, certainly not. I did not mean that of course. But what did *you* mean? Where was it you were wishing to go?"

"I very seldom mean any thing, ma'am, when I speak," replied Miss Beauchamp.

"I hope our daughters will become well acquainted," said Mrs. Beauchamp, looking with a good deal of interest at the handsome silks and satins of the English mother and daughter.

"Though your young lady is married, I can promise her that she will find our Annie as smart a person as ever she came across in her life. She is quite famed throughout the Union, already."

"Smart?" again muttered the puzzled Patty, fixing her eyes on Annie's brown-holland dress.

But notwithstanding the utter contempt which she felt for her claims to smartness, she was too sociably disposed to neglect this offered opportunity of improving her acquaintance with a native, and drawing a chair close to the sofa on which the young American was seated, she began what she intended should be a very intimate conversation.

"I dare say you will be full of envy about my being married, won't you? But that must not prevent our being capital good friends. I dare say you will be married soon. How old are you?"

"I think mamma can tell you better than I can," replied Miss Beauchamp. "I have an exceedingly bad memory."

"How very odd!" cried Patty, staring at her. "Not know how old you are? Why, if you

was not so young and so pretty," she added, lowering her voice, "that is, if you were like my dear friend there, Miss Matilda Perkins, I should understand it. She is always making mistakes about what age she is. But that is all very natural, isn't it?"

And Patty looked at her poor friend Matilda, and laughed. But Annie neither looked, laughed, nor answered, but sat immoveably still, looking as much like a fool as she could possibly contrive to do. Poor Matilda, meanwhile, who felt that her American campaign could not possibly begin till she had made some acquaintance with the natives, was receiving, with the most pleased and zealous attention, some little initiatory civilities from Mrs. Grimes and Mrs. Hucks.

"You are direct from London, I expect, ma'am?" said Mrs. Grimes.

"Yes, from London, direct, ma'am," responded Miss Matilda, delighted with the opportunity thus afforded her of putting the stamp of fashion upon every thing she did, and every thing she wore.

"I wish to goodness you had come direct

from Paris instead!" said Mrs. Hucks. "I expect you know, ma'am, that the people of fashion in the Union, from Maine to Georgia, I may say, don't lay any great stress upon the fashion of London. We calculate that we have long ago given the go-by to that old city. But Paris is something. We are all ready and willing to knock under there, in the article of taste and the fine arts, such as millinery, dress-making, and the like. We count that England is worn out altogether in that respect, which is the reason, I expect, why folks call it the old country."

This was a terrible blow to poor Matilda; nevertheless her spirits rallied again, as she recollected how very much nearer Paris was to London than New Orleans, and much more anxious to conciliate than to triumph, she gently replied, "That is just what we all say ourselves. We all consider every thing in London as exceedingly old-fashioned, excepting just what is brought over to us fresh from Paris, which happens very often, you know, because of the two places being so near."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby, who had overheard the

latter part of this conversation, here volunteered her valuable assistance to Miss Matilda, and feeling quite as desirous of being considered as an arrival of fashionable importance as her friend could be, with a vastly bolder spirit whereby to defend her claim, she speedily took the business very effectively into her own hands.

“Nothing can be more correct, ma’am, than your observation respecting the London fashions,” said she, “I am sure one might think you were just come from Europe to hear you, for all you say is exactly as if a London lady was saying it. But of course you know, ma’am, how we manage about these matters? When I say *we*, I mean to be understood as speaking of people of first-rate importance and fashion, who have been introduced at court, you know, and all that; for the common middling kind of gentry really know very little about the matter, and are as well contented when they put their vulgar stupid heads into a London-made bonnet, as if it had been brought express from Paris. But we, of the upper classes, cannot endure any thing of the kind. Couriers arrive in London from Paris

four times in every day, for no other purpose in the world than just to bring over bonnets and dresses. You cannot think what a pretty sight it is, just after one of these spring vans has arrived, to see the unpacking of the cases in the rooms of the fashionable milliners ! I really do not know any thing so elegant and so interesting ! No ladies, however, who have not been presented at court, are ever permitted to be present on these occasions. It was absolutely necessary, you know, to make some arrangement and regulation of this kind, or the milliners' rooms would have been filled with a perfect mob. But since this has been finally settled, nothing can be more elegant than the company one meets on these occasions."

"Really ! Well now that does seem to be a very queer idea, to be sure, let who will have invented it !" said Mrs. Beauchamp, with a little air of disdain. "But pray, ma'am, are gentlemen ever admitted ?"

"Certainly they are," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby with dignity. "Such, I mean, as have been presented at court."

"Oh ! then Mr. Robert Owen goes to see

the caps and bonnets, I expect," said Annie Beauchamp, innocently.

"If he is a man of fashion I dare say he does," answered the not-too-well-informed Mrs. Allen Barnaby.

The young lady did not reply, but closed her eyes as if disposed to sleep. The conversation, however, proceeded between the other ladies, who all, with the exception of Miss Louisa, seemed anxious to hear what further Mrs. Allen Barnaby would say, and Mrs. Beauchamp answer.

"It was but a day or two before we quitted London," said the former lady, "that we paid our compliments for the last time this season to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and a sweet, pretty, amiable creature she is, I assure you. It is a great advantage, ma'am, especially where one has a young daughter to bring out, to have the privilege of going to court. There is nothing in the whole world will stand in the place of that—positively nothing."

"I will tell you what, my good lady," returned Mrs. Beauchamp, her handsome eyes looking rather fierce, and her complexion considerably

heightened. "I will tell you one thing out of pure cleverness and good nature. I expect you won't find it answer coming over American ladies with long stories about going to court, because it is the very thing of all creation that we most hate, despise, and abominate. You can't, I expect, though you do come from the old country, you can't be so unaccountable ignorant as not to know that a court is a thing we would no more permit in this country than we would the putting of poison into our bread; that the very name of it turns us sick, and that all the unfortunate people, that God, in one of his mysteries, permits still to be the pitifying victims of such unnatural and degrading oppression, ought never to mention such a thing in the presence of a free citizen, any more than they would any other disgraceful or indecent misfortune that unhappily belonged to them."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby was so completely thunderstruck and overpowered by this unexpected burst of eloquence, that almost for the first time in her life she felt unable to answer a word. It is probable that Mrs. Beauchamp, who, excepting when her patriotic feelings (upon which she

particularly prided herself) were touched, was really a very amiable woman—it is highly probable that she not only saw, but lamented the very violent effect she had produced. She would have scorned and hated herself had she, upon hearing a person actually boast of having been at a court (without being forced to go there by political necessity, like the American ministers)—she would have scorned, hated, and belittled herself for ever, had she heard this without raising the hallowed voice of freedom to express her sense of its baseness. But she did not the least in the world wish to be otherwise than exceedingly polite and genteel in her demeanour to Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and all other European ladies. Such were now her secret feelings as she watched the perturbed and puzzled countenance of Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and had she known then she would very likely have parodied against herself the famous lines—

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?

Under the influence of feelings such as these, Mrs. Beauchamp determined to make it manifest

to the strangers, that a perfect "American female" could be as much celebrated and distinguished for her politeness and her literature, as for her patriotism and political superiority. With this view, she at once changed her heroic tone for one of familiar kindness, and said, "I must not let you, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and these other ladies, who have come such a curious long way to see our western wonder of the world—I must not let you all fancy that the patriotic warmth of our free notions, blind us to all those accomplishments as have nothing to do with the government. It is quite the contrary, I assure you, and I expect that you'll realise this fact before you have been long in the country. The great point of all with us is your literature, you know, which we make a most particular principle of studying. And that, to our honour be it spoken, even now, when we are quite availed of the fact, that we have for some months past, by our native productions, gone far beyond any thing that ever was printed, or written in the old world. But this, of course, can't touch any of us in the manner of a surprise, because all philosophical people know that a soil that is close worked up and worn out,

can't be expected to produce things as fine and as flourishing, as new soil. There is nobody, I expect, that will venture to contradict that, now-a-days. But never a bit the less for that, we are still ready to extend the hand of patronage to European talent. And, I'll tell you what, ladies, there is still, notwithstanding the terrible great advance which our authors have lately made before the English, there is still one way in which an English gentleman, or lady either, might put every body of all countries in the world behind them in the point of fame; and that is by writing an out-and-out good book of travels upon the United States. I calculate that there is nobody bold enough to deny that it is the finest subject in the world, and so it would have been, no doubt of it, if nobody had ever put pen to paper about it. But when one thinks of all the lies that have got to be contradicted, one must be a fool not to see that such a book might be made as would render the author's name as glorious throughout the Union as that of general Lafayette himself. And as to dollars! Oh, my! There would be no end to the dollars as would be made by it."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby, through all the various changes and chances of her life, must ever have appeared to the reader what she really was—namely, a woman of very extraordinary acuteness. Though in general, perhaps, more of a talker than a listener, she felt as she now listened to Mrs. Beauchamp, that at the present moment much more was to be gained by acquiring than by giving information ; and when her first dismay, occasioned by Mrs. Beauchamp's patriotic outbreak, had subsided, she gave her earnest and undivided attention to every syllable she uttered.

It must elevate the characters of both Major Allen Barnaby and his lady in the mind of my readers, when they are told that they were at this period of their lives on much more confidential terms together than at any former time since their union.

Both these excellent persons had their peculiarities, and though on many points it was quite impossible that any two people could assimilate better, there were others respecting which the major had felt when they first married, that they might not perhaps, from the difference of their

previous habits of life, hold precisely the same opinions. Under this impression he had, in many cases, entirely concealed some little circumstances which he thought might possibly startle his lady, and so managed others, as gently to bring before her eyes whatever he wished should become familiar to them, and thus, by degrees, had gradually led her to a degree of independent thinking on most subjects, hardly inferior to his own—so that now he had really scarcely a thought that he concealed from her, and she was quite as well aware that his position was at this time a little critical as he could be himself. It was doubtless for this reason that she now listened to Mrs. Beauchamp with such deep attention. The major had given her very clearly to understand, that their well-doing for the future depended altogether upon their being able to establish themselves in the esteem and good liking of the inhabitants of the land in which they had in fact taken refuge, from a good deal that might have made it difficult for them to find an agreeable abode elsewhere. Every word that her new acquaintance uttered, therefore, seemed to be big with important

meaning, and before she had ceased to speak, an effect had been produced on the mind of Mrs. Allen Barnaby, which, as she afterwards said in communicating it to the major, was likely to have an influence on the whole of her future life.

When deep impressions are made upon the soul, it often appears, for a time, as if the effect produced were working so strongly within, as to prevent any portion of the result from being left visible without. And so it was on the present occasion with Mrs. Allen Barnaby. Neither Mrs. Beauchamp herself, or any other person present, were in the least degree aware of what was going on in the secret recesses of her mind. Nevertheless, she had sufficient command of herself to retain the appearance of being perfectly present to every thing that was passing. When Mrs. Grimes remarked to her that "there was no country in the world that enjoyed the luxury of iced water in the same elegant manner as New Orleans," she bowed and smiled exactly with a proper degree of acquiescence; and when Mrs. Hucks, holding out her foot for inspection, said that she supposed the ladies had heard that

— American females were famous for their beauty in that particular part of the person, any one in the world who had seen her, might have supposed that she knew what had been said. But, in point of fact, she had not the slightest idea what the observation meant, yet with a sort of instinctive cleverness made a little action with her hand towards Miss Matilda Perkins, who was sitting near her, as if to refer the matter to her, from thinking her a person peculiarly well calculated to discuss it. This instantly carried the attention of every American lady present, except the sleeping Annie, towards Miss Matilda; and as that graceful young lady was blessed by having a long slender foot, which might have defied the toes of nine-tenths of her female fellow-creatures to get into her shoe, though there was “stuff enough” in one of her long slippers to make a pair for many, it answered very well, as it brought on a long discussion upon long feet and short feet, and broad feet and narrow feet, and round feet and square feet—all of which sheltered the revery of Mrs. Allen Barnaby from observation, and enabled her very satisfactorily to arrange her thoughts

before she was called upon by Mrs. Carmichael to decide whether she would take coffee or tea.

By that time she had sufficiently recovered her usual state of mind to be aware that of all the party which had dined together, her own set and the portly lady of the mansion, were all that remained in the saloon, and it was not without a sensation of envy that she learned they were all gone to various evening parties, of which a vast number were nightly given in the town. The only gentleman who reappeared was the young Englishman, Mr. Egerton; but having looked round the large half-lighted room in search of some one whom, as it appeared, he did not find, he rambled into the moonlit balcony for a few minutes, then passed through the saloon again, and disappeared.

Dulness seemed now to settle heavily upon the party. Mrs. Carmichael, after subjecting Miss Matilda Perkins, who chanced to be the one seated next her, to the usual transatlantic process of interrogation, as to every thing about her goings and doings, past and future, did not appear to consider herself obliged to do the honours of her mansion any further; and having

caused a female slave to bring in a large square of light-green gauze, and so to arrange it round her head, neck, and arms, as to protect her from the attacks of mosquitoes, she deliberately prepared herself for sleep.

Had Mrs. Allen Barnaby, therefore, been at that moment inclined for conversation (which she certainly was not), she would not have indulged in it; her fixed and steadfast resolution to conciliate every man, woman, and child in the Union, being quite sufficient to prevent her running the risk of keeping any of them awake when they wished to sleep; so she quietly prepared herself to follow her gigantic hostess's example. But she soon found that there were two causes which would render this impossible. The first and most important was the absence of the green-gauze—for no sooner had she lain herself in an attitude of rest, than a sharp threatening buzz became audible around her; and in the next, that irritating paroxysm of feverish unrest supervened, which none can conceive or comprehend who have not been exposed to the torment. The second cause of prevention to her desired repose was the voice of her

daughter, who now began, in accents less soft than those of the forsaken wood-pigeon, first to deplore the cruel absence of her lord, and then to predict how he should be treated when she got him again.

So Mrs. Allen Barnaby reared herself up again, and looking round her, conceived the very rational idea that let the hour be what it might, the best thing they could do would be to go to bed; for the eldest Miss Perkins was looking so pale, so wobegone, that a heart of stone might have felt an interest in getting her deposited where there was the best chance of her forgetting all the thoughts, and all the feelings, that now seemed to have hold of her; while the youngest, "her hopes all flat," had much the aspect of a ghost, who waits to be spoken to before he avows his purpose. And as to Patty, she was bemoaning herself so piteously, that it was evidently much better she should be alone than in company.

"What do you say, my dears, to our all going to bed?" said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, rising from her recumbent posture, and shaking the envenomed host that tormented her from her

person. "There is no good in our waiting for the men, for I know of old, Patty dear, that when they once get roaming about a new place, it is not a short time that will bring them back again."

The two Miss Perkinses rose instantly, and might perhaps have looked comforted, could the features of either at that moment have taken suddenly so agreeable an expression; but Patty's reply to the question was almost a scream, from the tone in which she uttered,

"What! before Tornorino comes back? What a brute you must be, mamma, to think of such a thing!"

Mrs. Allen Barnaby, however, admirable mother as she was, seldom made up her mind to do one thing, because she liked it best herself, and then did something else because her daughter liked it better; and now, therefore, proceeding to a small table in a corner of the room, on which stood several night-lamps, she took one, saying, "Very well, my dear, you will do as you like. Just ring the bell, Louisa, will you? I can't do without having the black-woman to show me the way."

Patty pulled out her pocket-handkerchief, and actually began to sob; but the black woman appeared, her mother and "the dear Perkinses" began to move, and Patty rose and followed them, scolding her mother, though, all the time very heartily. How soon the various individuals of the party found consolation for their different sorrows in sleep is not easily known, but Mrs. Allen Barnaby, whose career it is the historian's especial business to follow, was soon snugly and contentedly ensconced within her mosquito-net, and though she had too much to say to her husband not to wish for his presence, she nevertheless would not allow herself to regret his absence, knowing too well the nature of the city he had selected for his residence, not to feel thoroughly persuaded that, stranger as he was, he must be nevertheless already well employed. And as she nestled her head on her pillow, she muttered, without intending any quotation, "He is about it."

CHAPTER IX.

Conjugal confidence—Mrs. Allen Barnaby discloses to the Major a project, upon which he founds brilliant expectations of future fame and fortune.—He receives the information with his usual amiable temper and fine judgment.

It was nearly two hours past midnight when Major Allen Barnaby mounted very quietly to his chamber, yet not so noiselessly, either, as to avoid waking his wife. The thoughts she wished to communicate to him, however, were both too important and too voluminous to be opened upon at such an hour, and nearly all the words which passed between them were on her side, “Well, Donny, have you done any thing?” And on his, “Yes, pretty well; but I am devilish tired. You shall hear more to-morrow. Good night.”

The morrow came, and found them both in the best possible humour for conjugal confidence.

As soon as the fact of their both being wide awake was mutually ascertained, Mrs. Allen Barnaby resumed the questioning of the preceding night by saying, "Well, dear, and *what* did you do?"

"Why, tolerably well for just the first setting off, and Tornorino is a much better hand than Foxcroft. I am devilish glad I refused to bring that fellow, he is so confounded clumsy—he can't give one a look without staring one full in the face. But Patty's Don is quite another style of aide-de-camp; though he generally looks, you know, as if he were half asleep, I promise you I found him perfectly wide awake. So much so, indeed, that I asked him how it happened that we found him so confoundedly poor, and why he had never tried the sort of thing before?"

"And what did he say, major?" demanded his wife, rather eagerly.

✓ "He answered with the most perfect frankness that he had never had capital enough since he left Spain to attempt the sort of thing at all in the style of a gentleman. I really like the young fellow exceedingly."

“ I am monstrous glad to hear it,” replied his wife, “ for Patty perfectly dotes upon him. So that’s all as it should be. But now, my dear, do tell me a little about the style in which you find they do things here? Do you think it will suit you, Donny? Do you think you will find it answer?”

“ Answer?” repeated the major significantly. “ I dare say enough may be done to repay time and trouble; but if by *answer* you mean any thing like the glorious opportunities one had in London in the way we were going on, I must certainly say NO. Nothing at all approaching even the sum that fool Ronaldson had in his pocket-book is ever likely to be got by one job, I’ll venture to say, without a word about the checks he was willing enough to have given, if that confounded jade had not stopped him. No, nothing of this magnitude, my Barnaby, nothing *near* it, can ever be hoped for. But we must make the best of it now, my dear, and do as well as we can. You know now, wife, the real state of my purse, which I did not think it right to mention as long as you were so mad about dressing up Patty to get her married. But

that's all over now, and I am willing to make you acquainted with every thing. I don't think I am a man likely to *lose* money, even here, but devilish sharp they are, I promise you, and I could no more do single-handed than I could fly. It is a great piece of good luck my having Tor-norino. And you will have your part to play too, my Barnaby, for it's plain to see that the *first-raters*, the planters, and such like, from the south, who are sporting men, and come to New Orleans for a few weeks' lark, won't sit down with the first that comes by—not they—I saw that plain enough; and your post must be to make a large acquaintance, and keep up a good appearance, and make yourself as popular as you can.”

“As popular as I can,” repeated Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with a long deep breath that seemed necessary to relieve the overpowering fulness of her heart. “What shall you say, Major Allen Barnaby, if I have already been put upon a scent, and devised a scheme that shall not only ensure our popularity, but bring us in lots of dollars besides; what should you say to that?”

“Why, I should say that my Barnaby was a

jewel," replied the major, with an eager expression of satisfaction, which showed him by no means disposed to doubt her boasted discovery; for, to say truth, he had really great confidence in the excellence of her understanding, which he had for many years been in the habit of watching, and always with increasing admiration. "But make haste, and tell me," he added, "for, as you may imagine, I am pretty eager to understand you."

"I will be as explicit as possible, my dear love," replied the lady, with a little dignity of manner which very well became her at that moment; "but you must be patient with me, or I shall not have the happiness of making you understand me. The thing I am about to propose is so perfectly new to us both, that at the first contemplation of it, I feel it possible that you may testify more surprise than pleasure, more diffidence than hope. But hear all I have to say, and I think the final result will be different."

"You doubtless observed at table yesterday, that very handsome woman, Mrs. Beauchamp; she is the wife, you know, of Colonel Beau-

champ, and from all I can gather from what has been dropped by Mrs. Carmichael and the other ladies, the Beauchamps are people of quite first-rate consequence, not only here, but at Washington, and New York, and Charlestown, and indeed every where. Well, I last night had a great deal of most interesting conversation with her, both about Europe and America. It is quite evident that she is a woman of a very superior mind, and her feelings of patriotic love and admiration for her own country are something so sublime, that she almost frightened me. Now, it is as plain as the sun at noonday, Donny, that it won't do playing the same game here that we did at Sydney. What I mean is, that it won't do for us to be boasting of our high family and connexions in the old country ; for it was easy to see that she despised every thing in England, even the Queen herself, just as if it was all so much dirt under her feet. But after she made this clear enough for the dullest to understand, she told me that nevertheless there was one set among the English that was still very much considered in the United States, and that was the authors."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby here paused for a moment in her speech, in order to discover, either from the looks or words of her husband, whether any of those ideas suggested themselves to him, which swelled her own heart almost to bursting. But no ! nothing seemed to occur to the major, but that he must listen further, in order to comprehend what his lady was talking about. She slightly sighed, and then went on.

“ Well, my dear major, Mrs. Beauchamp then proceeded to say, that there *was* a book which might be written by one of the old country, which, if composed in a proper spirit, would make the name of the author as popular throughout the Union as that of General Lafayette himself, and bring in such a flood of wealth to the author, as had never before been realized by any literary publication whatever. This book must be ‘ Travels through the United States of America.’ ”

“ I should have thought there had been enough of these written already,” said the major, coldly.

“ That is precisely the reason why another is wanted,” replied his wife, eagerly ; “ for Mrs.

Beauchamp declares that there has never yet been a single volume written upon the United States, that was not crammed with the most abominable lies from beginning to end, and, as she most justly observes, any body who would come forward to contradict all these wicked and most scandalous falsehoods, would be rewarded in the very noblest manner possible ; first, by a great quantity of money ; and next, by the admiration and respect of all the people in the country."

"But how can all this affect us, my dear?" demanded the provoking major, with the most innocent air in the world. "I do assure you, wife, that my writing a book is a thing altogether out of the question. I am quite certain that I have no capacity for it."

"But I, on my part, am by no means prepared to say so much for myself, Major Allen Barnaby," returned his wife, with some little asperity ; "on the contrary, you must excuse whatever appearance of presumption you may possibly find in it ; but I must, in justice to myself, declare that I feel conscious of the power and the talent necessary to the undertaking. You will not, I trust, oppose it."

“Oppose it! No, certainly, my dear, I shall not oppose it, why should I? It can do neither of us any harm, at any rate. You have my free leave to begin your book whenever you like, and I am sure I heartily wish you success with it.”

Although the major pronounced this speech in a manner somewhat too jocose for the matter of it, his wife took it in very good part, declaring herself perfectly satisfied, and declaring also that she should lose no time in beginning her interesting and very important task.

“I shall of course,” she added, “greatly want some competent person to assist me with information on many points wherein it will be impossible for me immediately to obtain it myself; but what I hope and trust to, is, that I shall be able to form a close intimacy with that charming woman, Mrs. Beauchamp; and you, my dearest major, must help me to obtain this object; I know nobody in the world so capable of putting a thing in a good light as you are, when you have a mind to do it. You know what I mean, my dear Donny,—a little embellishment, and the least bit in the world of invention, will make every thing easy to me.

All I want you to do is just to say to Mrs. Beauchamp in your clever, easy way, that I have been rather celebrated in my own country as an author, but that hitherto, from modesty, I have always published under a feigned name. And then, you know, if you like it, you may just hint at any one particular author you please, saying enough to put her upon the scent, but without committing yourself by absolutely pronouncing any particular name."

"Yes, certainly, I could do that," answered the major, "if you thought it would do any good."

"Good? Trust me, Donny, it would do all the good in the world; and if you will only help me so far, you shall see that I know how to help myself too. I'll take care, major, not to disgrace whatever you may take it into your head to say of me."

"Very well, my dear, then you have only to tell me in what direction my hints are to go. I shall not like to begin till I am quite sure of putting you and your side-saddle upon the right horse. Who, of all the lady-writers would you best like to be taken for?"

Mrs. Allen Barnaby mused for a moment or two before she replied, and then said,

“ Mrs. Hemings, I am afraid, is dead, isn’t she ?”

“ Yes, my dear, she is,” said the major.

“ And Miss Austin ? What’s become of Miss Austin ?”

“ I am afraid she is dead, too, my Barnaby,” said he.

“ Dear me, how provoking !” returned the lady ; “ but it does not signify, there are lots more. Let us see—there is Miss Edgeworth.”

“ But you know, my dear, she has never been married. How should we manage about Patty ? It will be downright scandal to make out that our Patty is the child of an unmarried lady,” said the conscientious Major Allen Barnaby.

“ Then I don’t care a straw who it is,” returned his wife. “ You must make out I am somebody famous, and that will do.”

“ Very well, my dear, I really think I do understand you now perfectly ; and you are such a devilish clever woman, that I dare say, somehow or other, you will make the scheme

answer. I'll do my best, at any rate, to help you. But hark!—there is the thundering breakfast-bell! Now watch me, and see if I don't set about my part of the job without losing time."

CHAPTER X.

The Major displays his conversational talents to great advantage, and his success is brilliant—A young Englishman's motives for crossing the Atlantic—His principles of justice are explained, and the liberal philosophy of fair examination shown in its true light.

AT ten o'clock, or thereabouts, the comfortable inmates, that is to say, the white inmates of Mrs. Carmichael's establishment, usually met for breakfast. Most of them obeyed the summons of the great bell on this occasion simultaneously, entering the room almost at the same moment, and were proceeding to take their places at the table in the same order as at the dinner of yesterday, when Major Allen Barnaby, with that sort of easy good humour which all lands find it so difficult to resist, turned from the place he had before occupied

beside his lady, and dropping into the chair next Mrs. Beauchamp, said,

“It is too cruel, ladies and gentlemen, to condemn a poor Englishman, who has crossed the Atlantic expressly for the purpose of making acquaintance with persons whose national character he considers as the first in the world, it will be much too cruel if you insist upon all our party sitting together, so that we can speak to none other. Shall I be forgiven if I break through the established order of things, and begging Mr. Washington Tomkins to take my seat beside Mrs. Allen Barnaby, venture to place myself next the lady of Colonel Beauchamp?”

It is probable by the smile and the bow which were exchanged, as this was said, between the colonel and the major, that some progress towards acquaintance had been made between them during the rambling of the preceding evening; at any rate, the overture was well received. Mrs. Beauchamp smiled very graciously upon the major as he took his seat, and the elegant Mr. Washington Tomkins muttered something about “vastly happy,” as he looked full in the face of

the beautiful Annie, and sat down in the chair opposite to her.

Major Allen Barnaby, doubtless, flattered himself that the chit-chat of a breakfast-table would give him the opportunity he wanted of communicating a little information respecting the high literary reputation of his wife, and it is probable that the massive appearance of the viands on the table, suggesting the necessity of length of time for their consumption, might have made him feel sure of having ample time before him for the purpose.

But in this he deceived himself altogether; beefsteaks of an inch and a half in thickness disappeared, it was impossible to guess how, with the rapidity of an *omelette soufflée*; coffee, as hot as Mrs. Carmichael could make it, was poured down the uninjured throats of the Louisianian ladies and gentlemen, with the impunity of cooling sherbet, and enormous platters of scalding hot bread vanished with a celerity that really suggested the idea of magic.

In short, every American lady and gentleman had breakfasted, and very sufficiently, before Major Allen Barnaby had done more towards

leading the conversation to the point he aimed at, than saying that he hoped Mrs. Allen Barnaby would be fortunate enough to make an acquaintance of some intimacy with the lady he had the happiness of addressing, as it was highly essential to the particular objects she had in view, that she should know and be known to the most distinguished persons in the Union.

Mrs. Beauchamp seemed by no means displeased at this. She bowed and she smiled; but before it was possible she could speak, all the gentlemen of the party rose, and all the ladies immediately followed their example, and rose after them. The breakfast was over, and the heavily-laden table cleared.

Major Allen Barnaby was startled but not defeated. He spoke of the luxury of Mrs. Carmichael's large, cool saloon, and said he hoped the ladies did not entirely forsake it in the mornings.

"Why, it isn't very often, I expect, that you'll find American ladies there, major, unless they are just quite literary people, who give up every thing for the sake of conversing with the gentlemen about books; I don't calculate that ex-

cept these, you'll often find American ladies out of their own chambers in a morning any where."

"Then I trust that you and your charming daughter are altogether devoted to literature?" he replied. "You will, indeed, in that case find a most suitable and truly congenial companion in Mrs. Allen Barnaby. She has never yet published any thing under her own name but—"

Here all the party having begun to move off, Mrs. Beauchamp felt obliged to move off too; which the major perceiving, again expressed his hope that she and her daughter, who had now taken her arm, were going to the saloon.

"Well, I don't care if I do take a spell in the keeping-room this morning," she replied; her curiosity being in truth as vividly awakened as Major Allen Barnaby himself could desire by the words he had spoken.

They therefore moved on together, and the balcony with its fine orange-trees being now in perfect shade, the attentive major led the way into it, and was presently happy enough to find himself seated on a bench with the charming Mrs. Beauchamp.

“As yet,” he immediately resumed, “Mrs. Allen Barnaby has never published any work with her own name; but *entre nous*, and as a very great secret, I will whisper in your ear that she does not mean always to go on in that way; and in fact, for I see no reason why I should not confess it to a lady so evidently of superior mind as you are,—in fact, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, our chief object in now visiting your glorious country is to give her an opportunity of writing her remarks upon it. You have no idea how admirable her style is, and in just appreciation of character I will venture to say that she has no equal. If she succeeds in this undertaking, as I fully hope and expect she will do, I have told her plainly that I will not permit her any longer to conceal her name. You must not think me a tyrant, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, because I speak thus authoritatively; but like all persons of genius, Mrs. Allen Barnaby appreciates her own talents with a degree of modesty that is absolutely absurd; and really, in my opinion, it has become a duty, for the sake of her daughter, and the noble Spanish family with whom we have been so happy as to ally

ourselves, that a fame so richly earned, should not be thrown away upon a supposititious name. Do you not agree with me? Do you not think I am right!"

"Indeed, and indeed, I do, Sir!" replied the greatly excited Mrs. Beauchamp; but may I just ask the favour of your telling me under what name your Lady has hitherto published?"

Major Allen Barnaby looked in the lady's handsome face with a very intelligent smile, and raising his fore-finger to the side of his nose, said—

"There are some things, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, that I *dare* not do; but I will tell you one thing for your satisfaction, that if you shall be induced to bestow as much of your valuable friendship upon my admirable wife, as I am inclined to flatter myself you will do, I will venture to say that you will not be long before you discover her secret. Her manner of thinking, her manner of speaking, will be sure to betray her—and I will not deny that I shall be heartily glad of it; for in this distinguished country, at any rate, she will then enjoy the

possession of the fame which she had so wantonly sported with, and I may say, thrown away in Europe. Yes, Mrs. Beauchamp, though I know she would quarrel with me for saying so, I really shall be delighted if you find her out."

"And so, I guess, shall I be too!" returned Mrs. Beauchamp, with great animation. "Oh! it would be first-rate delightful to turn round some day, smack upon her, and call her by her false name, I *shall* enjoy it to be sure! And you must not refuse, Major, to give me a little token, now and then, if you see I am in the right way, and cry 'Burn!' as the children do when they are playing hide-and-seek."

"As much as I can venture to do so without getting into a scrape, I certainly will," he replied; "for depend upon it, I shall enjoy the joke as much as you will. And may I then hope, my dear Madam, that now you are aware what Mrs. Allen Barnaby's object is in coming to this country, you will extend a helping hand to her, and by giving her the assistance of native information (without which it is absolutely impossible that such a work can be satisfactorily produced) enable her at once to do justice to her

own talents, and to the magnificent subject she has undertaken."

"There is nothing in all creation, Sir, that I should so much like to do!" eagerly returned Mrs. Beauchamp. "All the women in the Union—the white women, of course, I mean—are counted good patriots; indeed, they are pretty considerable famous for it, but I expect that you won't light upon one from Maine to Georgia, as out-tops me in that respect; and what my mind has undergone in the way of rage at all the horrible, scandalous, lying books, as have been spit out by the envy of the old country against us, is a great deal more than I will choose to describe. But it is quite droll to think what I said to your Lady last evening, Major; why she must have thought I was a witch to be sure."

"What did you say to her, Madam?" demanded he, with every appearance of eager curiosity

"What, then," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "she never mentioned to you?—she never told you, that I had been talking exactly of such a book as what you have now been speaking of, and

saying what an outrageous beautiful success it was sure to have in the Union, if it was but written with decent attention to truth, and such a conformity to the merits of the country as the in-dwellers in it, who everybody must allow are the only proper judges, would be likely to approve? Did not your Lady say anything about this, Major?"

"No, not a word," he replied.

"Dear me! how very odd."

"Not the least odd in the world, my dear Lady," he replied, "as you would be ready to allow, did you know Mrs. Allen Barnaby better. She has so much delicate reserve about her on every point at all relative to her literary pursuits, that I am persuaded *nothing* could have prevailed upon her to touch upon the subject.

"My! How unaccountably remarkable that a lady of such first-rate smart talents should be so uncommon shy about it! But it seems to me, Sir, as if what you was so kind as to mention just now, could never come to pass, I mean as regarding any use I might be of about making her take a right view of things. How will she ever be able to abide my telling her

that I know what she is about?" demanded the anxious female patriot.

"Your question, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, enables me, while I reply to it, to give you another characteristic trait of my admirable wife—you must forgive my calling her so. The fact is, that exactly in proportion as she avoids all allusion to her own great literary success with all who are incapable of assisting her efforts, she sedulously cultivates every possible opportunity of entering into discussion with those whom she imagines can give her any species of information on the themes about which she is engaged. Doubt not, therefore, that if you will have the excessive kindness to give her the advantage of your knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, she will not only enter with you on the subject with the most open-hearted frankness, but will listen to every word you utter with equal respect and gratitude; and thus, my dearest Lady, you will be the means of at length sending into the world such a work upon the United States of America as may safely be depended on as authentic."

— "Then I wish I may be flogged like a nigger

if I don't devote myself to the business, body and soul!" replied Mrs. Beauchamp, her whole countenance kindling with patriotic energy. "Mrs. Allen Barnaby has nothing to do, but just to say when she wants me, and I'll be ready to give up all the frolics in creation, rather than not be ready to go to her. Yes, major, please Heaven, the Stars and the Stripes shall have justice done to them at last! Let your lady only do as you say and mind me, and all that I have got to tell her, and if her book don't prove to her worth a precious deal more than its weight in gold, then say that I am a false-hearted woman, and send me to the Penitentiary."

Major Allen Barnaby felt that if he talked all day he could add nothing to the impression he had already made; he therefore rose, and took a most respectful leave, saying that he should immediately announce to his fortunate wife the happiness that awaited her.

While this conversation had been going on at one end of the long balcony, a *tête-à-tête* equally exclusive was proceeding at the other. Annie Beauchamp, who had taken her mother's arm as they left the breakfast-room, retained it

till they reached the balcony: but there she dropped it, because Mrs. Beauchamp walked towards a seat which had no orange-tree in full flower near it; and therefore the young lady turned her steps the other way, and seated herself where one of these fragrant shrubs was in the greatest Malaprop perfection. *Perhaps*, Major Allen Barnaby's being at her mother's side, might have made this movement rather more decided than it would have been without it: for Annie, too, was a patriot, and though a kind-hearted and sweet-tempered girl in other respects, certainly nourished, ay, and carefully nourished too, a pretty considerable strong prejudice and dislike, not only to the whole English nation in general, but to each and all of the unfortunate individuals from that country with whom she had ever made acquaintance. In fact, if a stranger were presented to her, it was enough for Annie to know that he was an Englishman, in order to set all her faculties to work, in order "to read him backwards."

If such a one, enchanted by her very uncommon beauty, inadvertently permitted his eye to rest for a moment on her lovely face, "he was

the most ill-bred and impertinent of men.” Did an English traveller venture to mention any beauty either of nature, or of art, that he had left behind him, she would exclaim to her neighbour,

“Only listen to him! Can you conceive any thing more absurd and insufferable? Instead of employing his time in examining our glorious and unequalled country, there he sits, you see, talking of his own! Poor, paltry, miserable, little atom of an island as it is!”

If her beautiful eyes beheld a tall Englishman, “he looked like the mast of a ship”—if a short one encountered the same doubtful blessing, “he was a caricature of Tom Thumb”—if gracious and graceful as the Apollo, she was “convinced he must be a dancing-master;” and if his conversation betrayed any traces of learning, she would exclaim to her nearest friend,

“Oh! for mercy’s sake take me out of hearing of that odious school-master. I am as certain as that I live that he comes from one of those hateful abysses of superstition and slavery that they call Oxford and Cambridge!—the very sight of him makes me ill!”

Such being the state of her feelings, it was not very surprising that she preferred her favourite orange-tree to being seated near Major Allen Barnaby.

But if Annie's chief motive for the preference, was simply getting out of the way of an Englishman, she was unlucky; for scarcely had she placed herself at her ease, with a little *tabouret* for her pretty feet, and a cushion for her elbow to rest upon, than Mr. Egerton not only an Englishman, but a Cantab to boot, had the audacity to approach her. Now, to say the truth, Mr. Egerton, notwithstanding talents of a very high order, excellent principles, and a heart replete with a multitude of amiable qualities, was fully as much under the influence of prejudice as Annie Beauchamp herself.

In common with a multitude of young Englishmen, whose ripening faculties during the last ten years have enabled them to look on upon the perilous political drama which has been performing, with clear judgment, and views unobscured by early preconceptions of any kind, Mr. Egerton, in common with a vast majority of these sages of his own age, felt too deep-rooted

a reverence for the monarchical institutions of his own country, to tolerate the antagonist principles so loudly vaunted throughout the United States of America. Moreover he was deeply convinced of the political, as well as of the religious necessity of an established faith, for the perfect working of the social contract which binds men together under one government. Moreover again, the system of slavery was abhorrent to every feeling and faculty of his head, heart, and soul. Moreover again, he was greatly disposed to misdoubt the honesty—public and individual—of any country where bankruptcy—public and individual—was a matter of constant recurrence and constant indifference. Moreover again, he exceedingly disliked listening to the human voice, when it came to him through the nose of the speaker; and finally, approved no dialect of English, but that which was held to be the standard language of his native land.

With all these, so “strong against the deed,” it may seem strange that the young man, after having well-nigh satiated himself with travel, through pretty nearly every country in Europe, should have taken it into his head to cross

the Atlantic in order to visit the land he did *not* love, instead of enjoying the noble fortune and beautiful residence which he had inherited in that which he did.

But the wisest and best among us have their whims, and this expedition of Egerton's must, I suppose, be reckoned among them. The immediately propelling cause, however, of his setting off, arose at a dinner-party, where he met with a pretty-considerably-famous American author, who not content with entertaining the company by a good set speech of half-an-hour long, in praise of the glorious and immortal institutions of his own country—slavery and all—concluded it (not being in one of his best humours that day, on account of an English duke having entered the dining-room before him) by rather a savage attack on the inglorious and perishable ones of this.

Mr. Egerton ventured to make an observation or two on the opposite side; but the American celebrity cut him short, by saying,

“ I beg your pardon, sir, if I can't count your opinion as any way suitable to stand against mine; and my reason is this;—you have seen

only one of the two countries you are comparing together, and I have seen both, and I leave it to any man to say which has the best right to be listened to."

"I submit, sir, to the force of your argument," replied Egerton; "you must have it your own way."

But he left not the dinner-table without making a resolution, that however great the bore might be, he would steam to New York as early as possible, and not steam back again till he had visited every state in the Union.

Perhaps there might have been some little irritation of feeling in the mood which dictated this resolve; but he had pledged the promise to himself in earnest, and would not have revoked it, even had his after thoughts led to still greater repugnance as to the keeping it, than they did.

"At any rate I shall see Niagara," said he, "there is *an overwhelming force* of consolation in that."

So Mr. Egerton set forth, and had already very nearly performed his destined task at the time of our meeting him at New Orleans.

Excepting the person of Miss Beauchamp, which with a degree of candour of which he really felt proud, he acknowledged to himself was by far the loveliest he had ever seen in any land; and, perhaps, excepting also, her dress (the capricious sort of plainness of which rather piqued his taste to the acknowledgment that no garment more meretricious, ever so well became a female form), with these two exceptions made, Mr. Egerton was by no means disposed to think that Miss Beauchamp was in any degree better suited to his taste, than the rest of her countrywomen. He had dined twice in her company, and his attention had been particularly drawn to her by the uncommon beauty which scarcely a child could have passed by unheeded; but he had thought her manner exceedingly defective. There was no amenity, no tranquil grace, no smoothness in it. Whatever she said, seemed spoken fearlessly, as if from very perfect indifference as to whether she might give thereby pleasure or not. And then her voice, though nature had really given her organs which should have rendered it a very sweet one, had something in its intonation which

grated, as it were against his feelings. It could hardly be called a nasal voice, but yet there was a sort of singing cadence in it, which drew off the attention (at least of stranger-ears so constituted as those of Frederic Egerton) from what she said, to her manner of saying it, and he was perfectly ready to call the flexible young voice detestable. Yet for all that, he was ready to acknowledge, that he had hitherto not seen quite enough of her to judge her fairly; and he gravely determined that he would not be unjust, no, not even on a point of so absolutely no importance, as whether a trumpety American girl were a little more or a little less disagreeable.

In conformity with this high-principled resolve, he had sought to converse with her on more occasions than one, but hitherto with very little success; and upon seeing her accompany her mother into the balcony, while nearly all the rest of the company were scattering themselves elsewhere, he followed for the purpose of advancing his philosophical study of this peculiar specimen of the race he had crossed the Atlantic to scrutinize.

CHAPTER XI.

Mutual dislike arises between the English Frederic Egerton, and the American Annie Beauchamp—The gentleman's disgust leads him to decide upon leaving the country immediately.

THE vulgar but expressive old phrase, "there is no love lost between them," might have been applied with the most perfect correctness to Miss Annie Beauchamp and Mr. Frederic Egerton ; but they wore their dislike, such as it was, with a difference.

The gentleman, as we have seen, being rather persevering in his purpose of knowing more of the young lady ; while the young lady, if left to herself would have been perfectly well contented had she been assured that she should never see the young gentleman again. Nor did this difference arise from the fact on his part that he

was ready to acknowledge her the most beautiful person he had ever seen ; for on hers she was equally ready to acknowledge that he was by many degrees the handsomest person *she* had ever seen, and at the centre of both hearts there was the thought, " But oh ! so perfectly American !" and—" But oh ! so perfectly English !" the difference therefore arose from temper. ✓ —

Annie was less speculative than Mr. Egerton ; at least, when her mind was so completely made up on a subject, as she felt it to be on the present occasion ; and Mr. Egerton was more disposed to analyze, even though conscious that he already knew what the result must be.

" I suppose this is about the coolest place in New Orleans, Miss Beauchamp," said Egerton, venturing to seat himself on the farthest extremity of the long wooden sort of sofa which the young lady occupied.

" I dare say there may be a great many much cooler, for those who know any thing about the place. Strangers never know where to look for any thing," returned Miss Annie Beauchamp, without condescending to turn her eyes towards him.

“Your observation is in contradiction to the remark generally made upon travellers, Miss Beauchamp. It has been often said that we almost all of us know more of the countries we visit than the natives themselves. For travellers, you know, make it their especial business to find out every thing, while those who remain at home, find only what happens to come in their way.”

Annie drew her beautiful lips together for a moment, as if she did not intend to make any reply ; but, upon second thoughts, she said, “I believe that would be perfectly true, particularly if speaking of English travellers, provided the word *disagreeable* were added to the word *thing*.”

“What an odious girl !” mentally exclaimed the young man ; “and with such profound ignorance too ! What on earth does she know of English travellers ?”

And then he cast a glance towards her, and took in at that glance, certainly without intending it, such a face, such a form, and such an attitude, as are only exhibited on the earth at intervals, to show what a woman may be when

no earthly accidents have arisen to injure the original intention of Heaven.

It is rather an old observation that "beauty will have its effect," but it is not the less true for its antiquity, and Frederic Egerton at that moment, if he did not quite forgive her, felt more disposed to hear her speak again than he had ever done before.

"Have you travelled much yourself, Miss Beauchamp?" said he, in a very gentle accent, and not at all as if he were angry.

"Alas, no!" she replied, without any caustic accent either, as if regardless that it was only a detestable Englishman who asked the question; but it was one that touched feelings with which his nation had nothing to do, and she forgot herself.

"You have not, however, lost much time as yet. If you love travelling, what is there to prevent your enjoying it?"

"Oh, there is nothing in the world, I expect, to prevent my enjoying it, except our not being able to set out. But if I can't make it convene to travel in a coach, I'll travel in a waggon, and if that won't do, I'll just get along on foot; for

living as we do, in the finest country in the world, it's a first-rate sin not to see it all over."

"Then you have no inclination to go beyond your own country?—you do not wish to travel in Europe?"

Annie looked up at him for a moment, and it was a very saucy glance which shot from her sparkling eye as she did so. She seemed on the eve of saying something very particularly anti-European, but she restrained it, and only turned aside her head and laughed.

"I should like to know what you are laughing at," said Egerton, quite determined upon not condescending to be angry with any thing so exceedingly ignorant and silly as the opinions of Miss Annie Beauchamp, and at the same time feeling it quite fair to make her talk, that he might have the twofold amusement of looking at and quizzing her. "Pray tell me," he continued, "what there is laughable in the idea of travelling beyond the United States?"

"The joke lies," she answered, after a moment's consideration, "in the notion of any one's wanting to see that musty, fusty, little bit of the old world which you call Europe, when

they may remain to explore the opening glories of this bright, young world, which we call America, and that, too, with the proud privilege of being one of its citizens."

"Poor little fool!" thought Egerton. "What a pity that such eyes as those, should have nothing better to inspire their wonderful expression, than the fables of a handful of crack-brained, conceited republicans!"

Yet still he wished her to say more, and therefore resumed the conversation with great civility.

"Do you mean, Miss Beauchamp, that after having become well acquainted with the land of your birth, you shall feel no curiosity to see any other?—particularly that, for instance, whence the first white inhabitants of your own highly approved land derived their origin?"

There was something in the wording of this speech that seemed to irritate the young American. She did not look either as if she meant not to answer it, but she paused a moment or two as if to select words for the purpose.

"Curiosity? Shall I have any curiosity to visit the tombs of my vastly respectable great

grandfathers? Why, upon my word, sir, if no better reward can be proposed to me for the trouble and fatigue of crossing the Atlantic, than seeing the crumbling relics of a thoroughly worn-out race, I really think it would be a great deal wiser to stay at home."

Mr. Egerton now smiled a little to himself; upon perceiving which, the colour of the beautiful Annie mounted to her temples, and the glance she gave him certainly amounted to a flash of indignation. This was hardly fair; he had borne *her* laugh more patiently. However, he thought it was very amusing to look at her in all her various moods, and thinking, perhaps, that he should not greatly mind it even if she boxed his ears, he looked as grave as he could; and replied,

"Of course you have studied, as an elementary part of your education, the present state of the mother-country relatively to the rest of Europe, or rather to the rest of the world? I believe the comprehensive plan of American female education, considers this study as absolutely indispensable?"

"Yes, sir," she very gravely replied, "it

does. And I do assure you that of all our studies, it is this which most awakens in our hearts that most excellent gift of pity, and those gentle feelings of commiseration, which Christian teachers consider it one of their first duties to create and cultivate. We are quite aware that the noble race of men, which now peoples the broad surface of the United States, must have derived their origin from a stock, possessing the materials of greatness. And we look back upon this race with such moderate feelings of affectionate interest as a rational man experiences for the dust of his great, great, great grandfather. But as we know that it pleased the Almighty Mover of nations, to cause the estimable remnant of the community to forsake the falling country, when they perceived that it was become unworthy of them, and to seek refuge here, our affections naturally and rationally fix themselves upon the brave transatlantic portion of the race; not only because they are the fathers of the people to whom we belong, but also because the very reason for the *original* separation, as well as for the immortal *secondary* one, proves beyond the reach of any question

on the subject, that **THEY** are worthy of all reverence and affection, and that those they left are **NOT**—though they are indeed, and ever will be, while they are permitted to retain their political existence at all, the objects of very sincere compassion.”

“ Upon my word, Miss Beauchamp, we are, or ought to be, excessively obliged to you,” returned Egerton, not knowing whether he felt most surprised or provoked by the young lady’s grandiloquent harangue ; “ permit me to return thanks,” he added, rising and making her a low bow, “ for the testimony you have been pleased to exhibit of your benevolence towards the English nation.”

“ Poor people !” murmured Annie, casting her eyes down with a sort of pitying dejection, and at the same time heaving a deep sigh.

Egerton, puzzled and plagued by the strange form the young lady’s patriotism had now taken, looked at her with as much curiosity as admiration, while she continued to retain her whimsically plaintive attitude ; but when she furtively raised her eyes again, there was

an expression in them which made him shrewdly suspect she was only amusing herself at his expense, and that it was malice towards him, rather than the love she boasted for her country, which had inspired her. If this were the case, he felt that the little republican had the advantage of him; and as the idea crossed his mind, it was doubtful whether he was more piqued or provoked. The former feeling prompted him to continue the conversation, in the hope of being able to use weapons of somewhat the same nature, in his defence, while the latter suggested the wisdom of leaving the very absurd young lady to herself. But while he yet doubted, the question was decided for him by Major Allen Barnaby's bowing himself off—a ceremony which was immediately followed by Mrs. Beauchamp's advancing towards them, and saying,

“Come, Annie, my daughter, I want you in my chamber—I have got one or two jobs that I expect you must do for me—and besides, I have got something to say to you.”

Thus summoned, Annie gave one rapid, wicked glance at the countenance of the young

Englishman, and with a slight parting bow, retired.

Egerton replaced himself on the bench, and fell into a fit of musing.

“She is insufferable!” he muttered, “I cannot endure her!”

A movement of impatience caused him to rise again and pace the long balcony of which, luckily for his irritated feelings, he had the sole possession, with slow and discontented-sounding strides.

“I hate the country!” he ejaculated, half aloud: “I hate and detest it from one end to the other. The negroes and Indians are the only interesting part of the population, and the only thing approaching to civilised society that I have enjoyed since I landed, was at the German village at—at—at—Heaven knows where. Would to Heaven that this self-inflicted penance were over! I must steam up that nasty muddy Mississippi, or I break faith with myself, which I never will do, had every house I could enter half a dozen Miss Annie Beauchamps in it—and a pretty company they would make! Well enough, to be sure, to the eye—but able to

sting a man to death with their odious tongues ! To-day is Wednesday. Steamboats, I believe, go every day. Thursday, that's to-morrow. I wish to Heaven I could go to-morrow ; but that I cannot do, because I have promised the priggish Mr. Horatio Timmsthakle to go to the French play with him. But I must speak about my linen from the laundress for Saturday. I will positively not stay in this detestable house a single moment longer than Saturday."

And having thus soothed his irritation, he stalked through the saloon into the hall, and out of the house, having encountered a negress in the way, to whom he gave strict orders that his linen should be in his room ready for packing by Friday night. This sort of notable thoughtfulness having been taught him by necessity, in consequence of his having, for the first time in his life since he left college, set off upon a journey without a servant ; a piece of self-denial to which he was advised by one who knew by experience the effect of the United States upon an English domestic.

Mrs. Beauchamp and her daughter, meanwhile, mounted the stairs, and having reached

one of the apartments sacred to their own use, the elder lady closed the door of it, and making the fair Annie sit down near it, began to address her as follows—

“I have something to tell you, my dear child, that will, I expect, go straight right away to your feelings as it did to mine. I know how you have been brought up, my daughter, and it is ^{an} out-and-out impossibility that you should not have all your high patriotic notions set blazing by what I am going to tell you.”

Annie listened very attentively; but had she spoken the truth and the whole truth concerning what was passing at her heart, she would have said: “No more patriotism just now, dear mamma, if you please, because I have been working so hard at it, that I am right down tired.” But of course she said nothing of the kind, and Mrs. Beauchamp went on.

“You know only too well, my dear child, how shamefully the United States have been abused, vilified, and be-littled by all the travellers who have ever set foot in them for the purpose of writing books about us. I don’t say too much,

do I, Annie? when I declare that this has positively amounted to a regular national calamity; and I'll give any one leave to judge what it must be to the feelings of a free people, who know themselves to be the finest nation in the world, to have one atrocious, unprincipled monster after another, come and write volumes upon volumes, in order to persuade the rest of the world that we are *l* as behind-hand with every body, instead of being, as we really are, first and foremost of the whole world. Doesn't it drive one mad, Annie?"

"It drives one into very great anger, mamma," replied her daughter, with something like a sigh.

"Well, then, my darling, what will you say to my first-rate, unaccountable good luck, when I tell you that I have just been applied to by the most gentlemanlike European, to my fancy, that ever put foot in the States, to assist with *my* information, *my* feelings, and *my* opinions, in composing a work, the express object of which is, to do justice, at last, to the Union?"

"And who, mamma, is the author you are to assist?"

“My dear, it is the lady the most striking and distinguished in appearance of the new party that came to the house yesterday. She looks like a woman of a very commanding intellect; and her husband has told me that she has been a most admired author for years in her own country, only that she is of too retired a character ever to have put her name to any of her works.”

“Is it that enormously tall and stout woman, mamma?” demanded Annie.

“Yes, my dear, it is the lady who is the stoutest of the party; it is Mrs. Allen Barnaby.”

“I should not have fancied her a particularly shy person,” said Annie, gently.

“I must insist upon it, child,” returned Mrs. Beauchamp, with a great deal of energy, “that you do not permit yourself to take up any absurd prejudices against this lady, who, I positively declare, seems sent by Heaven to do us justice. And remember, if you please, my daughter, how very little you know about the higher classes of people in England. Depend upon it, that whatever you see in her, which

strikes you as being out of the common way, is just the greatest proof of her rank and fashion. You heard what she said yesterday about going to court? And though, as a citizen of a free country, I thought it my duty to put in my say against courts altogether, and all such-like abuses of the human intellect, nevertheless, I am not such a fool as to be ignorant that none but the very highest classes of all, are ever permitted to come withinside the walls that hold the queen; and though I hate and despise all such tyranny, it is quite right, in such a case as this, to remember all we do know of their abominable old-fashioned ways, in order that we may understand a little what we are about, which is the way, you know, to avoid disagreeable blunders. I am sure nobody will suspect me, such a thoroughgoing patriot as I am, for being likely to have any over-great respect for queens and princes, and such-like; and I dare say, Annie, you heard the considerable sharp set down I gave her yesterday on that very subject; but for all that, I know what I know; and it is something, I can tell you, in the way of good luck, when one is getting a little close and

familiar with an English family, to find that they have been at court. In course, our first feeling ought to be suspicion about every body that is English ; and it is very convenient, by times, to get at the whole truth about people. Don't you think so, my dear ?”

“ Yes, mamma,” replied Annie, rather absently ; for indeed she was not much thinking of what her mother had said, having been occupied during nearly the whole time they had been together in endeavouring to recollect all she had said to Mr. Egerton, and was rather tormenting herself with the fear that she had not been sufficiently caustic and severe in her manner of treating him.

Luckily for the harmony of the dialogue (for Mrs. Beauchamp liked to be attended to), this indifference on the part of the young lady was not remarked, and her mother, still in the highest good humour, went on to explain a project she had conceived, by which every part of Mrs. Allen Barnaby's important work might be benefited by her information and superintendence.

“ And now, my dear,” said she, “ I must

make you acquainted with what I propose to do, and it is a great satisfaction, my daughter, for me to know that it is just exactly the very thing you will like best. You know, Annie, how often you have been at father and me about taking you to travel up and down a little, that you might see and know something of the glories of the Union, over and beyond what all my teaching could make you understand. Well, my dear, and you know, too, that I have always promised that travel you should to Washington and to Niagara, and, one after the other, to all the Atlantic cities if we could make it convene with father's will and pleasure. But up to this day, Annie, I have never been able to get any thing better from him than just off and on sort of promises; and his reason for putting it off so everlasting was, that though he loved you and I, too, a deal better than his eyes—and I am quite availed that he speaks no more than the truth when he says it—yet that for the soul of him he can't make up his mind to travel hither and yon, as he says we want to do, till we get east of sunrise, without a man companion for him to speak to—and that's why for he keeps

us at boarding everlasting, which we two don't overmuch approbate either of us. But just observe how the matter stands now. These smart, clever people, and a large party of 'em too, with two men, you see, are actually going right ahead to make the tour of the Union. And the major, the authoress lady's husband, loves a quiet game of piquet, father says, as well as he does himself. And that he found out last night when they started off together, you know, after dinner. Now it does seem to me, Annie, that nothing ever did convene so perfect as this. Here's the lady come on purpose to write a book on the Union, but honestly confessing that she don't know the name of one State from another, and, in course, still less about all the remarkabilities of our glorious and immortal constitution, and other requirements for such a business, whether about ourselves or our works. Well! then there's me, ready and willing to supply all she wants, and though I say it that shouldn't, no ways badly qualified for that same business either, seeing that ever since I was a girl at college I have been always celebrated for my patriotism, and had a heart in my bosom

ready to fight for the stripes and the stars, if such a thing was wanted, as father has told me scores of times. Then next comes father himself—wanting and wishing of all things in creation to please his darling Annie by taking her a touring, but never having the heart to set out, on account of having nobody in the evenings to take a cigar and a hand of cards with him. So then, to answer to that, comes the major, as ready to do both, as the sun to rise in the morning. And then next there's your darling beautiful self, my daughter, having your own heart's wish at last, and setting out on your travels for everlasting, stop you who can. Now what do you think of all this, Annie? Isn't it a pretty considerable piece of good fortune, daughter?—Say.”

Annie had changed colour more than once during the progress of her mother's harangue, not a word of which escaped her, for the absent fit was quite gone. Had Mrs. Beauchamp been less completely occupied by her own share in the proposed arrangement, it is probable that she would have perceived that Anne's sensations in hearing them detailed were not of unmixed satisfaction; but partly because she was too

intent upon all she had in her head to see very clearly what was before her eyes, and partly because she felt so very certain of her daughter's delight at the scheme, that she would scarcely have believed her in earnest had she objected to it, she perceived not these latent symptoms of dissatisfaction, and exclaimed, even before she answered,

“ I knew you would be in raptures !”

Annie let it pass, and only smiled, which she certainly did the more easily because a portion at least of the information she had received was decidedly agreeable, though she thought that if she had had the ordering of the scheme, things might have “convened” more perfectly to her satisfaction than they did at present.

Her objections, however, whatever they were, she kept to herself; and when she spoke at last, it was to say that she was very glad indeed, that she was going to see something more of the glorious and unrivalled country to which she had the honour of belonging, than merely Big-Gang Bank, Charles Town, New Orleans, and Natches.

“ You are quite right, Annie, quite and en-

tirely right," replied her mother. "I have been a great traveller in my day, a very great traveller; and from my high connexions in different States, have always been among people of the very first standing,—and to my mind," she added, "no young lady's education can be complete till she has pretty well seen the Union through. However, my dear, we have no great cause to complain of father either, as yet, for we must remember that you won't be seventeen till fall, and so there is no great time lost. But there is one thing, Annie, that in a small way troubles me, and I will tell you what it is, my daughter, because I have a notion that you might give us a little help, if you'll be clever enough to do what I wish."

"What is it, mamma?" said Annie, with one of her beautiful smiles, "I am ready to do any thing to please you."

"That's a jam girl—and this is it then. Those two elderly-looking women, you know, that have come along with this celebrated authoress, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, I can't help having a fancy that they must be people of great consequence, because they are both of them so unac-

countable ugly and stupid, that I don't see the likelihood of any Christian soul taking the trouble of bringing them out, all this eternity of a voyage if they were not ; or, at any rate, they must be somebody that this new friend of mine, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, must think a good deal of, and of course would not like to have slighted. And the truth is, Annie, that as I know I shall have enough to do to fully enlighten the mind of the writing lady about the Union, I don't look forward at all, I can tell you, to having any time to bestow upon them ; and as to your father, his — hatred to ugly old women is so great, that I expect nothing in creation would make him consent to my scheme, except just the pleasing you, and having his game of piquet from sun-down to bed-time, without having the trouble of trotting out to look for a play-fellow, which I calculate he abominates further than most things. This being the way the case lies, darling, what I want of you is, that you would just be a little conversable and genteel in your attentions to these two poor queer old souls. Will you, dear, as your share and payment for all the beautiful miles you are going to travel ? Will you, Annie ?—Say."

“Certainly, mamma. If I am to travel with these English people, I will endeavour to be as civil to them as I can. But I expect they will find me very dull company, for it is rarely that I find much that I should like to say to any strangers, and especially to English. But don’t think I object, dear mamma, whenever I can find any thing to say, it shall always be said to them.”

“Oh! but, Annie, you must be very civil to the major, and to his lady into the bargain, and also to the splendid-looking young lady, their daughter, and to the foreign gentleman, their son-in-law; or else, mercy on me! we shall be getting into a terrible scrape, I guess, and have Madam Barnaby saying in her book, that whatever the rest of the country may be, the young ladies are the most disagreeable and least elegant people throughout the Union. Don’t be doing any thing to get that said, Annie!”

“Mamma! I will do my very best to please you,” replied her daughter, very gravely: “but there is one thing that I will not promise, because in my heart I don’t believe it is one that I could ever perform. I cannot promise you to speak

very often to the married young lady, the daughter."

Mrs. Beauchamp frowned and shook her head.

"I see by your looks, Annie," said she, "that you are getting into one of your obstinate fits, when you will pretend to know what people are better than your mother does, which of all impossibilities is the most impossible, and you a girl under seventeen! Now don't, Annie, don't! There's a fine girl! Don't vex me, just when I am trying to do my very best to serve my dear persecuted country, and to please you into the bargain! It is very cruel of you Annie, very."

And poor Mrs. Beauchamp looked very much as if she were going to cry; but her beautiful daughter ran to her, and drove away every indication of the kind by a kiss.

"*Trust* me, mamma," she said, "I have promised you that I will do the best I can, and so I will. Shall I go this very minute and find out these Miss Perkinses?—that is the name, I expect, isn't it, mamma? Shall I go to them now, wherever they are, and ask them if they will take a walk in the balcony? I am sure it

must be cooler than the room they have got, poor things ; for Cleopatra told me that our sly lump of soft sodder, Mrs. Carmichael, had persuaded them to lodge themselves in a little hole of a garret looking exactly west, that she might keep a decent room vacant, in case any of her "regular New Orlines Bows," as she calls them, should offer themselves. I will go to them directly, shall I?"

"Yes do, darling, and I will go too, and see if I can find my new friend, Mrs. Allen Barnaby."

"Pray, mamma," said Annie, rising to depart, "have you said any thing to papa yet about your travelling scheme?"

"No, my dear, I have not," replied her mother, with a smile ; "but that is only because I have had no opportunity ; I don't fear any opposition, Annie, there ; you know, pretty nearly as well as I do, deary, that if I take care that the piquet and the toddy go right, nothing else is likely to go wrong."

Annie knew that as far as the word wrong meant opposition, her mother had the best possible grounds, namely, that furnished by many years' experience, for her confidence in having

her own way ; so she said no more, but walked off, shaking her head, however, rather mournfully as she went ; for though she loved her mother, she loved her father too, and often regretted that his habitual indolence, which seemed to have absorbed every thing like activity in his character, had permitted him to lay himself so completely on the shelf.

CHAPTER XII.

Annie Beauchamp conceives a strong partiality for the eldest Miss Perkins—The acquaintance between Mrs. Major Allen Barnaby, and Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp ripens into the warmest friendship.

ANNIE was the first who succeeded in her quest, for she found the spinster sisters sitting most disconsolately in the great saloon, without even the semblance of an occupation, unless the ceaseless fanning of Miss Matilda could be called such, and by no means in a state of spirits to render any conversation they might have together soothing or consolatory to either party. As far as the exciting kind feelings in the breast of Miss Beauchamp could be advantageous to them, their palpable and evident forlornness was in their favour. She looked at them both for a moment, and felt, that English or not, they were

thoroughly uncomfortable and forlorn, and had they sat with a pedigree in their hands (instead of a feather fan), a pedigree proving them to be descended in a direct line from General Washington, she could not have smiled more sweetly, as she stepped forward to address them.

"I am afraid, ladies, you must find it very dull here," she said, seating herself opposite, and about midway between the two. "The New Orleans boarding-houses are not very famous for having many books, and it's so hot here in the daytime, that strangers hardly dare venture into the streets either to look for books or any thing else. But mamma and I have plenty up stairs in our own rooms, and we shall be very happy to lend you some if you like it."

From the moment she entered, Miss Matilda, who had for many hours been meditating on the possibility of coaxing Mrs. Beauchamp (evidently the principal personage of the boarding-house set) into presenting them to some of her New Orleans' friends, changed her attitude of ill-at-ease indolence, into one of fascinating animation, and she immediately replied,

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear Miss

Beauchamp. How excessively kind and amiable ! Yes, my dear Miss Beauchamp, I do indeed long for a few of the elegant indulgences to which I have ever been accustomed in my own country. Our residence is quite at the west end, and I am perfectly sure that you are sufficiently well informed to be aware, Miss Beauchamp, that in London nothing gives more decided fashion than that. In short, the fact is, that though I have no doubt in the world but that in a short time we shall like your country, and all the charming people in it excessively, yet just at this moment, that is, just at first, you know, we do find it rather dull."

Annie's only answer to this was a sort of acquiescent bow ; and turning her eyes from the elegant speaker, she fixed them then, almost by accident, on the pale face of poor Louisa. That really worthy, but very unfortunate person, felt at the bottom of her heart that in securing her beloved sister from suicide, she had given up every thing in the shape of worldly comfort and enjoyment, which had hitherto made her own life desirable. And that sister was now looking so exceedingly ugly, old, and thin, that Miss Louisa,

who watched her with all the tender solicitude of a mother, was falling fast into a profound melancholy, from the conviction, that though the promise she had extorted from her as the price of her own consent to this unhappy expedition, might secure her from self-slaughter, it would *not* secure her from hating the life so preserved ; for as she gazed upon her long, pale, peevish face, she felt most miserably certain that no gentleman on God's earth, who was in his right senses, would ever think of such a thing as marrying her. When, therefore, Annie Beauchamp's eye fell upon her, her quiet and usually tranquil features were somewhat agitated by the thoughts that had taken possession of her mind, and her light gray eyes, which were not very large, had more tears in them than they could conveniently hold ; but when she caught the glance of the young American fixed upon her, she made an effort to smile, and said, in an accent that spoke a good deal of gratitude,

“ Indeed, young lady, you are very kind.”

Annie immediately changed her seat for one that was close to her, and taking her hand, said cheerfully,

“Now then, Miss Perkins, tell me what sort of a book you like best. Shall it be grave or gay? English or American? Prose or verse?”

“Any book,” replied Miss Louisa, very considerably comforted at being addressed so kindly; “any book or newspaper in the world would certainly be greatly more agreeable than sitting with nothing at all to do, of any sort or kind. But the greatest kindness of all would be to give us something that my sister Matilda would like to read. She is a far greater reader than I am at all times, my pleasure being more in seeing that every thing is tidy and comfortable at home. But poor Matilda is very fond of a novel, and if you chanced to have a pretty love story that she never happened to meet with before, I do think it would go further to raise up her spirits than any thing. And if I could but see her looking a little happy again it would quite set me up.”

Annie rose with the intention of immediately ransacking her little collection for love; but, as far as her own feelings were concerned, it was greatly more for the sake of the elder sister, than for the gratification of the younger; but Miss

Matilda stopped her ere she reached the door, exclaiming,

“ Oh ! do not go, my dear Miss Beauchamp ! A little of your delightful conversation will do me more good than all the novels in the world. My elder sister is one of the very best and most ladylike people in the world, I do assure you ; though at present, of course, you see her to a disadvantage, so very little dressed as she is, and all that ; but though she is quite superior as to her fortune and station in life, and all those sort of advantages, yet I won’t pretend that at her age she would be likely to enjoy a comfortable chat with a young person like you in the same way that I should do. I need not point out to you the difference there is between us in age ; it is quite extraordinary, isn’t it ? A great many people won’t believe that we are sisters. But I was going to say that if you happen to have a newspaper, there is nothing in the world that Louisa likes so well, and then while she is poring over that, you and I can talk.”

Miss Beauchamp answered not a word to this, and we have therefore no right, perhaps, to be less discreet concerning her feelings than

she was herself; but though she spoke not, she bit her beautiful under-lip severely, and if she had been sufficiently imprudent to speak at all, it would have been in a manner but little likely to assist the object confided to her by her mamma. She appeared, however, to be entirely occupied by taking a thorn out of her finger, and turned to the window in order to attain the degree of light necessary to this delicate operation; and then, after the delay of a moment, she again turned to leave the room, saying that she would return again in a moment.

“What a kind, sweet tempered young thing!” said Miss Louisa, as soon as the door was closed.

“A very nice girl indeed,” replied her sister. “Her eyes are rather too large, and her hair too abundant, and too dark, to satisfy my ideas of perfect feminine beauty; but nevertheless she is certainly very pretty looking, and most uncommonly agreeable, considering she has never seen London, nor even Cheltenham or Brighton. I hope we shall become exceedingly intimate, for I think we shall suit exactly. I have got dreadfully tired of poor dear Patty, and that’s

the truth, though of course I don't mean to let any of 'em find it out. But upon my word it is enough to make any body sick, hearing her run on so for everlasting about her husband ; and, to tell you the truth, Louisa, I am terribly afraid her husband begins to think so too ; for it is not once, nor twice either, that I have seen him yawn as if his jaws would crack, when she has been kissing him ; and it is plain enough, poor thing, that she does not at all approve his taking much notice of any one else, for I have got some terrible sour looks from her on board ship when he has ventured to come where I was standing to watch the flying fish, or any thing of that kind. Away she was, after him in a minute. But I am sure she need not have been afraid, for the very last thing I should ever think of doing would be encouraging the attentions of a friend's husband."

" Oh ! dear no ! I am sure you would not do any such thing as that, Matilda," said her sister, looking rather surprised and shocked at the suggestion ; " but I can't say—"

Here she was interrupted by the return of

Annie, with three thin volumes of unmistakable circulating library complexion in one hand, and a gray-tinted newspaper in the other. Setting the books down on a table by which she passed, Miss Beauchamp approached the meek Louisa with a newspaper.

“ I am afraid this will not entertain you so well as a London newspaper would do, Miss Perkins ; but at least you will find one half-column down here that is all about England, and you must not be angry if you do not find it very civil, because our newspaper people think there is no opportunity of serving their own country, at once so profitable and so cheap as by abusing yours.”

This was said in a tone and spirit so very different from that in which, a short hour or so before, the same young lady had discoursed on the subject of England to Mr. Egerton, that any person, hearing both, may be well tempted to accuse her of inconsistency ; and really I know no defence for her, save that she *was* a young lady,—a class which from long usage, by this time grown into something like prescriptive privilege, holds itself exempt from

the necessity of always being of the same opinion.

“ I am very much obliged to you *indeed*,” said Miss Louisa, receiving the odd-looking pages with a smile of genuine pleasure and gratitude. “ It is so *very* kind of you to think about *me* !”

And while Annie still stood beside her, she turned her eyes to the paper, and began reading it, to show, perhaps, that she really did take great interest in a newspaper. The first, and indeed as it seemed the only thing which particularly attracted her attention however on the present occasion, was a succession of little dingy pictures, one of which appeared to adorn every paragraph in the page which first happened to meet her eye.

“ What *are* all these little men running meant for ?” said Miss Louisa, looking up very innocently in the face of her new friend. “ Is it to make the newspaper look pretty ?”

Annie laughed.

“ No, Miss Perkins,” she replied, “ neither the portraits or the originals of these running gentry, are counted very *pretty* in the United

States. No ! these figures are intended for use, not ornament ; they are placed there to call the attention of the reader to the advertisement which follows, which is always about some runaway slave or other, and is to give notice that any one who finds him or her—for the ladies sometimes run as well as the gentlemen—is to catch them, and send them back to their owners.”

Miss Louisa, though, as I have said, a very worthy woman, was not a very well-informed one, and knew as little about the great transatlantic subject of negro slavery as most people. Nevertheless she *had* heard of such a thing, and in a general way considered it, like the rest of the European world, men, women, and children, to be something exceedingly atrocious and unchristian. Without the very slightest affectation therefore, for there was no such thing in her, she shuddered visibly, as her beautiful companion uttered the above words, and exclaimed involuntarily, “ Oh dear ! oh dear ! how very shocking that sounds ! ”

Miss Beauchamp coloured slightly, and turned away.

“I have brought you some books, ma’am,” she said, addressing herself to Matilda, after the silence of a moment, “I am sorry I cannot stay with you any longer, but I am obliged to be up stairs.”

Miss Matilda began a flourishing speech, about sorrow at losing her, and gratitude for her books, but before she had half finished the young lady had given them both a valedictory nod, and disappeared. The situation of both sisters was, however, essentially improved. Louisa had not only her newspaper to read, which, despite its melancholy pictures, was a great deal better than nothing, but she had also the great, the very great consolation, of seeing her sister look ten years younger, and twenty times less discontented, than before the fair Annie had paid them her unexpected visit, and before she had got three volumes of native manufactory, concerning love and matrimony, to read. Nor did these favourable symptoms altogether disappear even when she discovered that her book, though exceedingly interesting, was not without its faults, the greatest of which, in her eyes, was the gross absurdity committed by the author in

introducing his heroine, as already in the perfection of beauty at the ridiculous age of sixteen! This blunder so strongly affected her that she actually began to think aloud, and exclaimed, without any intention of consulting her sister on the subject, "What a pity to spoil the whole interest by such nonsense as that! Any rational person, who knows any thing of human nature, must be constantly expecting to hear of her being whipped and put to bed for some childish naughtiness or other. There is but one way of my finding any interest in the story, I am quite sure, and that way I shall take, for it seems beautifully written, and full of the most touching sentiments—I shall just consider it a misprint, and correct sixteen into six-and-twenty at the very least."

Perhaps at the bottom of her heart might have lurked the thought that to produce the perfection of full-grown female sensibility another ten years might have been added, with very manifest advantage to the interest and the truth of the story.

But notwithstanding these drawbacks of young love on the one hand, and negro slavery

on the other, both the sisters felt themselves considerably better than they had done since they landed on the shores of the United States.

The position meanwhile of the real heroine of these pages was still more essentially improved. At the same time that her daughter went to visit the Miss Perkinses, Mrs. Beauchamp, by the aid of the black waiting-maid, Cleopatra, sought and found the retreat of Mrs. Allen Barnaby. The major having, as usual, wandered to a billiard-table, his lady was left in undisturbed possession of "her chamber," and was employing herself at the moment her new friend entered, in preparing for her important literary undertaking, being in the act of writing down, in a little blank-paper book, which she had just sewed up for the purpose, the heads of various subjects to which she immediately intended to direct her attention. Nothing could exceed the pleasure she felt at seeing Mrs. Beauchamp, except what she expressed. She immediately laid down her pen, and hastening towards her performed a ceremonious courtesy, while she frankly extended her hand, which was intended to typify and express, as it were, all the

stately dignity of the old world, combined with the unsophisticated cordiality of the new.

“I hope I don’t break in upon you, ma’am, at a time that don’t convene?” said Mrs. Beauchamp. “I see that you are already got to your writing, which agrees with what your good gentleman told me, but now, was the employment as was most likely to occupy you just at the present.”

“And for that very reason, my dearest Mrs. Beauchamp,” replied the animated Mrs. Allen Barnaby, “I am enchanted beyond what I am able to express, at your having the excessive kindness to call on me. It is here only, Mrs. Beauchamp, in the retirement of my own apartment, that such a visit can be duly appreciated. I dare say my excellent husband, Major Allen Barnaby—one of the best of men, Mrs. Beauchamp—I dare say he may have ventured to hint to you that my purpose in coming to this most interesting of countries is, in effect, to do the very exact thing of which you were so eloquently speaking last night?”

“Yes, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, he has indeed, ma’am,” replied the visiter, “and I can’t say

but what I heard the news with very particular pleasure, seeing that you are a lady so every way qualified to perform the work proposed, with honour to yourself, and satisfaction to those about whose concerns it is your intention to instruct the world. And if you do this, ma'am, you will have the glory of achieving just what nobody else that has tried, has ever been able to do yet."

"If I should indeed be so happy," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, modestly casting her eyes upon the ground, "I feel sure that I shall owe it you. I certainly did come to this country solely for the purpose of writing upon it; but I always felt, even when most eager to undertake the task, that I must fail, as so many others have done before me, unless I had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with some accomplished person of my own sex, who should be induced to assist me by counsel and information, such as, of course, none but a native can give."

"And it is that very thought of yours, ma'am, I will venture to say, that will certify your success," replied her new friend. "It is just exactly what nobody has ever done before,

and it is for that very reason, I expect, that no traveller has ever yet produced a book upon the Union that can justly be called fit to be read."

"Heaven grant that by your assistance I may avoid their errors!" cried Mrs. Allen Barnaby, fervently casting her eyes towards the ceiling of the room. "I can safely say that no one ever undertook a task which caused greater anxiety, or a more ardent desire of success."

"There is no doubt of it, Mrs. Allen Barnaby,—no doubt whatever of your success I mean, nor of all the rewards in this world and the next, which you will so well deserve to receive," replied Mrs. Beauchamp, with an ardour which was considerably more sincere than that of her companion. "You will, indeed, have every advantage," she resumed; "for not only will you see things without prejudice, by being made to understand them really as they are, but from having been in the habit of writing so much in the old country, you must have got the knack of it, as we say, and will find the work come to your hand quite easy, I expect."

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, I have

written a great deal," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with a modest meditative air; "and though during several years of certainly very successful publication, a feeling of timidity, perhaps too long indulged, has prevented my ever meeting the public, face to face as I may call it, under my real name, I cannot now, as you well observe, feel any of the difficulties of a mere novice. I shall, on the contrary, set about my task with that delightful sensation of confidence which conscious ability I believe always gives. Do not impute vanity to me, my dear madam, from my saying this; but the fact is, that it would be the most contemptible affectation, were I to pretend ignorance of the admiration which my writings have produced. I have never published any thing, I can truly say, from the moment I first handled a pen, without its meeting the most brilliant success, and it would show a great want of common sense on my part, were I to pretend now to fear that I should fail: and with such a theme too!"

"It would indeed be folly for any one to suppose such a thing possible," replied Mrs. Beauchamp; "but yet I cannot help thinking," she

added after the meditation of a minute or two, "I cannot help thinking, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, that you might bring your work forward in a superior sort of style, as I may say, if you would just consent to put in the title-page 'by the author of'—whatever previous works of yours have had the greatest success. I really would strongly advise you to think again and again of this, before you finally make up your mind against it."

"Do not mention the subject to me again, I entreat of you, Mrs. Beauchamp," returned the European lady, with some slight display of impatience. "You know not, to be sure it is impossible that you should know, how eternally I have been—I may say persecuted in England with the same request—and having resisted the most earnest entreaties of persons of station, even too high for me to venture to name, can you really think that I ought to yield to any other? I feel quite certain that when you have thought a little more about it, Mrs. Beauchamp, and when you have brought yourself to recollect that there *are* in our country, persons—or at any rate *one* person—whom it is by

no means easy to refuse, you will perceive and acknowledge the necessity of my continued reserve."

"Why, as to that, Mrs. Allen Barnaby," returned the republican lady, "I have no great notion of any one person being such a vast long way before all the rest as you seem to make out: and to say the truth, I can't realize to myself the possibility of such an elegant smart woman as you are, being chained up in that way, as I may call it, by any one. Why, there's our president now, he's first and foremost in course, because it has been our will and pleasure to make him so; but, Lord bless your soul, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, he might ask any one of us to do any thing from July to eternity, and it would never come into our heads to do it, unless indeed for some profitable object of our own, which is quite another thing, and what all sensible men will calculate upon doing at all times. But for giving way to him for any other reason, he may march from Washington very considerably east of sunrise, before he will find any body ready to do any such meanness. However, we won't talk any more about politics just at pre-

sent, and instead of it I want you to show me what you have jotted down there."

And Mrs. Beauchamp, with a little natural and national curiosity, did just peep at the foolscap page which lay, half filled in large characters, after the manner of a list, before Mrs. Allen Barnaby. That lady's MS. however was not, as it seemed, yet ready for examination, for, with a good deal of dignified mystery, she laid a blank sheet over that upon which she had written, and said, "Not yet, dearest Mrs. Beauchamp, not yet, if you please; though this very paper, which I now conceal, is written expressly that I may communicate it to you. But as yet I am not fully prepared to do it. It will contain, when filled up, a list of questions to be addressed to yourself, on the particular themes that I shall consider it most necessary to touch upon in the course of my work; and may I not hope that you will kindly condescend to answer them?"

"And that's just what my very heart is longing and burning to do," replied Mrs. Beauchamp, her handsome face in a glow of patriotic excitement, "and I do hope it won't be long before you are ready to begin."

“If any immediate arrangements for our being a good deal together can be made, my dearest lady, I should be ready to begin our important consultations directly. In short, the major has promised to bring me home several whole quires of paper to-day, besides a large quantity of pens, and a bottle of ink. So you may see, my dear madam, from my giving him such a commission, that I have no intention to delay the business. However, I charged him to buy the paper at different shops, for fear of creating suspicion of what I was about. I always took the same precaution in London, when I began a new work.”

“Dear me! Did you really? How very cautious!” And then, her curiosity whetted anew by this allusion to mystery, Mrs. Beauchamp once more ventured to return to the forbidden subject, and added, “do now just tell me the name of the least and littlest of all your books!”

Mrs. Allen Barnaby coloured violently through her rouge, and for a moment felt convinced that the interesting history of her anonymous fame was suspected; but when she ventured to look

again at the animated countenance of Mrs. Beauchamp, she perceived with the greatest possible satisfaction, that she was altogether mistaken. Nothing was to be seen there but the most respectful admiration, excepting indeed that little imp-like sparkle of curiosity, which peeped out of her eyes, and which, under the circumstances, would certainly have been pardonable in *any* daughter of Eve, but in a — transatlantic one the want of it would have been nothing less than unnatural. Mrs. Allen Barnaby therefore again rallied her spirits, and played off with great ability the part of an embarrassed and somewhat agitated *incognita*, to whom the removal of the veil would be excessively distressing, while the preserving it was exceedingly difficult. At length the scene reached its climax by her putting her handkerchief to her eyes, and exclaiming, "Spare me! my dearest Mrs. Beauchamp! spare me! The time shall come when I will have no reserves with you; but your own admirable judgment must tell you that just at this moment, when my nerves are naturally shaken by the contemplation of an undertaking which I feel to be almost

awfully important, there would be great weakness in my suffering my spirits to be agitated by my making a disclosure which, I am well aware, would at once bring upon me the eyes of all America, as well as of all Europe. I implore you, therefore, for the present, to make no further allusion to my former writings, but rather let us employ the precious minutes with which you favour me by arranging how I can in the most effectual manner be thrown into the circle among which you usually live, in order to catch as much as possible, your views and opinions upon all subjects."

"Well, then," returned Mrs. Beauchamp, with the most perfect good humour, "I expect I won't plague you one bit more at present, as you say, about the works that have made your false name so celebrated. Not but what I'd give one of my fingers to know what the name was. However, we will say no more about it now; and instead of it I will tell you what my scheme is for our passing as much time together as possible. I calculate, in course, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, that your plan in writing upon the Union, is to travel through all the most celebrated and wonderful parts of it?"



Illustration of a woman writing at a table, with two other women standing by.



"Most assuredly," replied the authoress, with decision.

"Well then, my plan is to travel too," returned Mrs. Beauchamp; "because then, you know, as the things come in all their glory before our eyes, I can explain them to you, and make you realize their particular excellence at the first blush, as I may say. What do you say to that plan, Mrs. Allen Barnaby?"

"That it is the most admirable, the most perfect, the most inconceivably kind that could possibly have entered your head, and that so inspired, I must be dull indeed if I fail. But what does the colonel and your beautiful daughter say to it, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp?"

"Oh! Annie is delighted. She has long been dying for a travelling frolic; and she undertakes to do the honours to your friends, which will leave us to our studies, you know. As to the colonel, to say the truth, I have not yet mentioned the subject to him; but he is, I do expect, the very best man alive, and I am sure he will make no objection, provided the major can smoke a cigar, and play a game of piquet. Can he, Mrs. Allen Barnaby?"

"The major is very fond of smoking," replied our heroine; "and I rather think too," she added gently, "that he now and then likes a game at piquet."

"Well then, I will answer for all the rest," resumed the energetic Mrs. Beauchamp, her patriotic ardour animating her even to her finger's ends, which were already itching, as she said, to be at her packing. "The colonel will be back in a few minutes to take his morning iced julap, and then I will tell him all about it."

Mrs. Beauchamp was by no means "talking without her host," when she said that if the major smoked cigars, and played piquet, she could answer for all the rest. Of course she was too clever a woman not to know how to set the thing properly before the eyes of her husband. She said little or nothing to him concerning her project of redeeming the reputation of the United States, and undoing all the mischief which former travellers had perpetrated against this rudely-treated portion of the earth's service, by taking the pen of Mrs. Allen Barnaby under her especial influence and control. She said little or nothing of all this, because

she knew that, although her husband was, as a matter of course, an excellent patriot (what American is not?) yet nevertheless, the sluggish circulation of his blood, which, without greatly injuring his bodily health, had reduced his mental energies very nearly to the condition of those of a dormouse, prevented his greatly enjoying any long discussions on the subject. What she chiefly dwelt upon, therefore, was the great delight which his darling Annie would enjoy from travelling in the society of this very distinguished English party, and also the providential circumstance of their meeting with a gentleman who could both smoke cigars and play piquet, and thus render the performance of his long-given promise of taking his daughter "about a little," a matter of pleasure instead of annoyance.

"Very well, my dear," was the colonel's first answer: "manage it just as you like. If it's a good boat I shall be quite ready to start."

CHAPTER XIII.

Some interesting passages in the progressive attachment of Mesdames Barnaby and Beauchamp—The American lady hints a wish to see the dresses of the English one—Compliance is promised, but a short delay requested.

WHEN Major Allen Barnaby learned from his wife that the travelling party, to be composed in the manner already agreed upon by the two ladies, was actually arranged, he smiled very good-humouredly, and said,

“That’s all very well, my Barnaby, and a capital hand you are, to set a machine in action. But you don’t quite calculate, do you — as these curious fellows say—upon my being ready to pack up, and to go away at a moment’s warning? You do not in sober earnest expect that, do you?”

These words

Of doubt and dread

came like a thunderbolt—or rather like an avalanche, for nothing could be more *chilling*—on the ears and heart of poor Mrs. Allen Barnaby. Never having been from her earliest infancy, in the habit of doubting her own powers, she had no sooner fully conceived the scheme of writing a book, than a well-assured and very brilliant success immediately rose before her mind's eye, as being perfectly certain; and that too, no mere idle, windy, wordy success, born in the drawing-room, and buried on the staircase, but solid, profitable, money-getting success, that might do as much to help them forward, or very nearly so, as one of the major's best games at piquet in Curzon-street; and overlooking the possibility that her husband's views of the case might not be precisely the same as her own, she felt as much shocked and disappointed at hearing him thus speak to her, as if he had suddenly declared that he meant to turn hermit, and for the future should require no money at all.

The dismay expressed by her countenance was so great, and to say the truth, so comical, that the major for one moment laughed outright.

But this was a species of amusement that, upon principle, he rarely indulged in, and before the fire which he saw mounting to his lady's eyes had fully flashed upon him, the foolish fit was over, and his laugh exchanged for a smile of the most amiable domestic amenity.

“Come, come wife,” said he, “you must not take what I say too gravely, either, and I cannot help laughing when I see you getting it into your head, that I mean to take up my dwelling in this cursed place and remain here to be broiled everlastingly. Set your heart at rest upon that point, my Barnaby. If you are in such haste to be off, it's lucky for you, perhaps, that the set here are just what they are. Why, my dear, will you believe it, I don't think that out of the thirty or forty playing-men, that I have either tried myself, or watched others try, I don't believe that out of the whole number, there's half a dozen that isn't as keen witted as myself—you understand me? Now that won't do, you know by any means. What's good play, or a sharp eye, or the help of Tornorino, or any thing else with such a set of fellows? The difference between London

and New Orleans seems to be just this. On our side of the water there's a population of *flats*, with just a respectable sprinkling of *sharps* among them to keep men from going to sleep, and sinking into absolute stupidity. But here, upon my honour and soul, the whole population, old and young, strikes me as being *sharps*, with such a scanty supply of *flats* amongst them, as it breaks one's spirit to think of. And as for the diamond-cut-diamond sort of business, that is carried on here, it would not suit me at all. I am not used to it, and I am not quite so young as I was, my dear, and ceaseless, never-ending hard work, don't suit me. I won't say but what I *might* be a match for them if I tried hard for it, but the profit would be little or none, for after a fair trial between me and most of 'em, I am greatly mistaken if we should not one and all come to pretty nearly the same conclusion, and that would just be to let one another alone."

"But how do these gentlemen make the thing answer themselves, my dear Donny?" demanded his wife, with her usual shrewdness.

“Why, I suppose, by watching for every new arrival, like sharks after a dead body,” he replied; “but that would never answer for us, my dear Barnaby. Besides, if it did, they would get so confounded jealous of me, being an Englishman, that I should have no peace of my life. No, wife, I shan’t stay here, I promise you—you have no reason to be terrified by that notion.”

“But you have not lost any thing to speak of yet, have you, my dear?” said she, her own satisfaction at the idea of their departure being for a moment lost sight of, in her domestic anxiety for the well-doing of every member of her beloved family. “You have not paid very dear, I hope, for what you have learned?”

“No, my dear,” he replied, “that is not my way, and I should have thought you might have guessed as much. No; I thought I detected something the first night, just before the party broke up, that looked a *little* like a determination to let me win, but I was not sure of it; so last night I became a good deal more heedless and gay-hearted, you see, than before, and *then* I saw—ay, and heard too—

what put me up to them. Why they had found me out in no time, and all their scheming was not to get the better of me, but to get me dropped out of one or two *set-to* games they had been planning, where they had got something like a novice to work at. So I very quietly let them have their way about it, and I think that puzzled them again a little. But that's only the fun of a moment, mind you, and would not last, I'll engage for it, long enough to make me sure of a dozen dollars. However, we can't suppose, you know, that they are all finished up in this high style, in every part of the Union, and further on I hope we shall fare better, my Barnaby. I shall do very well by and by, I dare say, so don't look uneasy about it."

"Heaven grant we may fare better, my dear!" replied his wife, "for confident as I am of the success of my work, it will by no means do, Donny, for us all to depend upon it, you know."

"No, my dear," said he very demurely, "I don't think it will. Nevertheless, wife, I do not intend, mind you, to set off post haste,

just after what happened last night. They would understand it exactly as well as you do, and a little better too perhaps, for you will be thinking, naturally enough, that your book has something to do with it; while they'd know, well enough, every mother's son of them, that coming out here to see what I could do, I had met with my match, and was off to find game less wild elsewhere; and I'll leave you to judge the sort of *introduction* that would follow after me. So if you please, my dear love, we will not start in a bustle, and you must please to tell your new friend, Mrs. Beauchamp, who, I suspect, manages her husband more completely than even you do yours, my Barnaby, that you intend to begin your examination of their magnificent country *here*, and you may ask her, if you will, to introduce you about a little. Every body seems to know them, and I am told that Beauchamp has the finest estate, and the largest gang of slaves in all Carolina."

However *well* Mrs. Allen Barnaby might manage her Donny, she knew what "if you please, my dear love" meant, as well as an

old mare on a common knows the length of her tether ; and she, therefore, hazarded not one word of objection to this prolonged abode at New Orleans, though she not only longed with extreme impatience, to set off on the progress which her new friend had sketched out to her in such inviting colours, but she also earnestly desired to remove herself from an atmosphere where she was perpetually uttering prayers, the very reverse of *Hamlet's*, and wishing that her too, too melting flesh were more solid, and *not* thawing and dissolving itself into dew, as it did at present. There was, however, something in the idea of being introduced into New Orleans society by a person whom every body knew, and who had the finest estate and largest gang of slaves in Carolina, which was very consolatory, and like a wise woman, she immediately fixed her thoughts, and brought her conversation to bear on this most agreeable portion of her husband's discourse.

“ That is a capital good idea of yours, major,” said she, “ about my asking Mrs. Beauchamp to introduce us, as if just for the purpose, you know, of enabling me to describe the society

in my book. And with that notion in her head, she will pick out the very best and genteeldest : see if she don't."

"I have no doubt of it," he replied, with a sagacious nod, "and I shall choose, my dear, to be included in this visiting, for I know of old, that New Orleans is accounted one of the first places for play, of its size, anywhere; and that makes me think that it's likely enough, coming here as a stranger, with my family and all, so very respectable and domestic, I may do better in these drawing-rooms for the time we stay, than I have any chance of doing among the regular set at the gaming-tables. So I don't care how soon you set about talking to her on this subject; and you may say, you know, that in a new place, as this is to you, it has always been your rule to go nowhere unaccompanied by your 'excellent husband.' You understand me?"

"Oh yes, perfectly, my dear; and I'll do the thing as it ought to be done, you may depend upon it. But I say, Donny, dear, there is no occasion, is there, for me to take those poor dear lanky-looking Perkinses with me,

everywhere? It will be all very well when we are in lodgings anywhere that we should all be together, because if it's the same here as in London, that makes a great difference in paying for the drawing-room; but it will be a dreadful bore, won't it, if we can never go out any where without them? I am sure I don't know who'll ever ask us."

"On that point, my dear, I have not a word to say," replied the major, shaking his head. "it is one of those female, lady-like mysteries with which I positively can have nothing to do. It was you, my dear, and your daughter Patty, that arranged their coming with us, and now, if you like it, you may arrange that they shall be sent back again. If you had requested to bring mother Redcap I should have consented, provided she could have paid her expenses, and if you had her here, I should let you do precisely what you liked with her. But I must not be plagued about it, Mrs. Barnaby."

"No more you shall, dear; I'll manage all that. And now be off with you, there's a good man, for I shall have Mrs. Beauchamp knocking at my door in a minute, and by what I hear the

boarding ladies say to one another, they would be shocked dreadfully to find you here."

"Shocked to find me in my own room, wife?" said the major, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, they would indeed. It does seem droll, to be sure; but Mrs. Beauchamp says that every lady's *chamber*, as she calls it, is considered in all the boarding-houses, the genteelest place to receive company, lady company of course, and therefore that the husbands are never permitted to be there."

"Well then, I'm off. I'll just ramble about a little among the billiard-tables this morning, but I shall be devilish careful how I play. So you must not be over anxious, my dear."

* * * * *

The sociable anticipations of Mrs. Allen Barnaby were not disappointed, for hardly had the major disappeared before, as she had predicted, the gentle, lady-like knock of Mrs. Beauchamp was heard at the door. The well pleased tenant of the "chamber," confined not her welcome to the ordinary words "come in," but hastening to the door, threw it open to its widest extent, and did every thing that smiles, nods, hand-pressings,

and rejoicing expletives could do, to prove the delight which the visit gave her.

The two ladies then seated themselves on a comfortable sofa, and smilingly began to compare notes on the explanatory interviews they had had with their respective husbands, since their conversation of the preceding morning. Both declared that, far from finding any difficulty, the plan they had formed had met with the most cordial approbation from the gentlemen, both concluding her agreeable statement nearly in the same words, namely, "I must say that whenever I particularly wish any thing, the colonel (or) the major, very rarely opposes me."

And then, having reached this point, Mrs. Allen Barnaby said, quite as a matter of course, that some short time however must be given to becoming better acquainted with the charming town they were in, for that it would be dreadful to write a book on America, and find nothing to say of so very fine a city as New Orleans.

"God bless my soul! I never thought of that!" exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp, with the look and voice of a sincere penitent. "Most

perfectly true ! to be sure, most perfectly true ! I shall never forgive myself, I do think, for ever dreaming that you could start as we talked, right away up the river, with never a word said of such a glory of a city as New Orleans ! I expect I had better not tell this tale against myself at Mrs. Carmichael's dinner table, or I shall get more sour looks than would be at all agreeable. However, we'll both of us remember the proverb, 'least said is soonest mended,' and never say a word about it ; you understand me, my dear lady ? Yes, to be sure you must, Mrs. Allen Barnaby," she continued, after meditating a moment, "you must see the theatres, both French and American ; and the glorious quays, and the magnificent levee, and we must get to the place where you'll be sure to see the most steamboats together, such a sight as you never saw before, I calculate. And then the market ! Oh, such a market ! every individual thing coming by the river, and no other earthly way, so smooth, such a current, and so unaccountable beautiful ! And then there will be the shops. You London ladies will find the difference between these shops and yours, I expect ; for here it is altogether one and

the same thing as if you went into the shops at Paris, even down to the talking French behind the counters, which we calculate gives a very genteel air to the town, being foreign-like without being English, which is what, as you want to know every thing, you will excuse me for saying, we prefer. But I have little or no doubt, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby, that when your book appears, such a book as, between us, I am sure we shall be able to make it, all those little unpleasant feelings will wear away, and you will come to be quite as popular among us as the French themselves."

"Heaven grant your delightful prophecy may come true, my dear madam," returned Mrs. Allen Barnaby, every feature as she listened expressive of attention and deep respect. "That it should prove so is, I may truly say, the first and dearest wish of my heart! But it seems to me, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, that notwithstanding the many interesting things you have mentioned, you have omitted one that is almost, I think, the most important of all."

"Have I, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp, looking in no degree displeased by the

remark. "But I have no doubt you are right; it is indeed a great deal more likely that you should be right than not, for this country, from end to end, is so crammed full of wonders, of one sort or another, that I expect one must have a most unaccountable good memory not to forget some of them. But tell me, my dear lady, what is the particular thing you mean?"

"It is your own fault, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp," replied the anxious inquirer, "if I *do* think it the most important of all," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with a very charming smile. "If I had never seen or conversed with *you*, I might not perhaps have been so very desirous of acquiring the power of describing the SOCIETY of the country. This is it, which I must confess strikes me as the most important feature of all, especially in such sort of work as that which I intend to produce."

"And you *are* right, I guess, as sure as there's a sun in heaven. No doubt about it; and what in the world I could be thinking of to suppose you could begin, even for a single page, without *that*, is more than I can guess, I promise you. I suppose I thought that was sure to come as a

matter of course. And so I suppose it would, in the long run, but you are a deal more smart and thoughtful than I am in turning your mind to it from the very first. Luckily there's no time lost as yet, however, and a few notes of my writing to some of the people of first standing in the town, will settle the matter at once."

"I know not," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with much feeling, while her jocund heart fluttered in her bosom, as she remembered the trunks full of fine furbelowed dresses she had brought from London, "indeed I know not how I can ever thank you enough for all the trouble you are taking for me! All I can say is, that you will not find an ungrateful heart."

"All I can do, and ten times more, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, may be out and out repaid, I expect, if you will but exert your talents for us," replied Mrs. Beauchamp. "All I want in return is that you should portraiture us out to the world for just what we really are, and that is the finest nation upon the surface of God's whole earth, and as far ahead in civilization of Europe in general, and England in particular, as the summer is before winter in heat."

“On that point fear nothing,” replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with a sort of concentrated earnestness that seemed quite sublime to Mrs. Beauchamp, “my bosom seems to have received a spark from yours, and glows warmly, and I trust brightly, with the desire of teaching the world where to look for and where to find all that is noblest in man. But tell me, my dear friend, permit me to call you so, tell me in what style do the ladies dress at the parties to which you so kindly propose introducing us? Will feathers be considered as too full dress? I have many sets that are exceedingly magnificent, but on this point I shall really wish to be entirely guided by you.”

“Well, then, ma’am, I may say in return, that for the most part the ladies of New Orleans don’t consider any dress whatever as too elegant for their parties; and provided your feathers come from Paris, I don’t in the least question but what they will be very much approved. Perhaps, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, as we are on such comfortable and clever terms together, you might not object to my just looking over your dresses? It is what we American

ladies don't at all scruple to ask from one another, and I expect that there's few females to be found any where as better understands the thing than we do."

* * * * *

It was quite impossible that Mrs. Beauchamp could have made any request with which Mrs. Allen Barnaby would have complied with greater pleasure. Partly by the aid of the ready money which had floated round them during their few months' prosperous abode in London, and partly from the credit which had resulted from it, Mrs. Allen Barnaby had contrived to "*rig herself out*," as she called it, with a prodigious quantity of fine clothes. Nearly the first thought which crossed her mind when informed by her husband that she must prepare to cross the Atlantic, was *how* she should be able to convey these treasures with her. She had pulled them, and caused them to be pulled forth from their various repositories, and probably any woman of nerves less firm than her own would, on seeing the accumulation, have abandoned the idea of conveying them ALL with her as a thing impossible. But not so my heroine.

As we are told is often the case with the noblest minds, difficulties on such an occasion as this, only seemed to generate strength throughout her whole frame. A new, a very new and original thought struck her as she gazed at the masses of velvet and satin piled around her in her Curzon-street bedroom, on the afternoon of the day which succeeded her celebrated ball. For one short moment indeed her spirit seemed overwhelmed, and she muttered the word "impossible!" But in the next the thought above alluded to suggested itself. She fell into an attitude of deep meditation. The fore-finger of her left hand pressed to her forehead, the right hand extended as if to forbid the approach of any one to interrupt her, and her eyes closed. For a few minutes she stood thus silently and wholly absorbed, then arousing herself from the sort of trance into which she seemed to have fallen, she said to the abigail, who stood staring at her, "Where were all the hampers put, that brought in the wine which your master ordered when we first came into the house?"

"I don't rightly know, I'm sure, ma'am,"



Illustration of a scene from the novel 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'.



replied the woman, "but I somehow think they are in the coal-hole."

"Coal-hole!" repeated her mistress with a natural shudder. "You mean one of the cellars, I suppose, you vulgar creature. Such a house as this has no coal-hole. Just go to the linen press up stairs and bring down all the sheets and table-cloths you can find, ay, and all the towels too. Make haste, I shall be back in a minute."

A mind of less intense energy would probably have contented itself by issuing orders for an examination of the contents of the coal-cellar, but that of Mrs. Allen Barnaby was differently constituted. She penetrated herself to the dusky and dusty region, herself held high the candle, which enabled her to reconnoitre its contents, and herself witnessed the drawing forth of hamper after hamper from its remotest corner. A mind of less intense energy too might, considering the purpose to which she desired to apply these hampers, have shrunk and felt appalled at the dingy condition in which she found them. But no weakness of the kind shook, even for a moment, her firm and steady

fast purpose. She bade the cook, the page, and the coachman, who all stood staring at her from the area, to lug them out, and then she bade them take sundry brooms and brush them, and then she bade them use the handles of the said brooms to beat and shake them, and finally she bade them take them all, being eight in number, and of a goodly size, their straw abstracted from within, and the coal dust, as far as might be, from without, to her own sleeping apartment and there deposit them. The menials wondered but obeyed. This done, she quickly followed the eight hampers, and quickly was rewarded too, by finding how perfect was the success of her expedient. Guarded by the linen wrappers in which, with all the tenderness of a fond parent, she herself enveloped her treasures, she gradually saw her satins, her silks, her laces and her velvets, absorbed before her eyes, till nothing remained to look upon but eight hampers. Our retrospect has already been too long, and we therefore must not dwell upon the delightful feelings with which the labour thus accomplished inspired its projector; suffice it to say, that Madame Tornorino, as nearly as she

could, followed her mamma's example; that not a candle-box or crockery-crate was left unoccupied; and that few ladies ever quitted their native shores leaving less of what they loved behind, than did the mother and daughter of our history.

But all these treasures, or at least by far the greater and more precious part of them, were still reposing in their wicker tabernacles, awaiting the necessity, now apparently so delightfully near, of being called forth again into action. It is scarcely exaggeration to say, that every fibre of their animated owner's frame felt a quiver of delight as she remembered what she had to show, and listened to the invitation to display it. But some delay was, however, inevitable. The effect of dragging forth her splendid draperies from the unseemly recesses of a wine hamper, was in a moment so graphically present to the soul of Mrs. Allen Barnaby, that, despite her eagerness, she ventured to refer her friend to the morrow for the gratification of a curiosity which it was very evident she would have preferred gratifying to-day, but when the stately Mrs. Allen Barnaby said with dignity, "My travelling trunks, my dear Madam, have not all

as yet been conveyed to my apartment," Mrs. Beauchamp became aware that it was no good to press the matter farther, and curtsied herself off with an assurance that she would certainly not forget to write the notes she had mentioned, and had no doubt whatever that "lots of invitations would follow."

CHAPTER XIV.

Bribery skilfully employed produces great Results — The Happiness of being re-united to what we Love — —Major Allen Barnaby very nearly quarrels with his Lady, but her admirable Judgment and Sweetness restore her good Humour.

THOSE among my readers who have studied the character of Mrs. Allen Barnaby with the attention it deserves, will easily believe that she lost no time in setting about the business that must of necessity precede her keeping her promise to Mrs. Beauchamp. The absence of the Major at this moment, and indeed that of his son-in-law too, was exceedingly provoking. They were both tall strong men, and she knew pretty well that it was not very likely either of them would venture to refuse their assistance to her, had they been within reach of her commands. But of their whereabouts she knew

nothing. And the job, as she told herself, must be set about instantly. But Mrs. Allen Barnaby had great ability, which never showed itself to greater advantage than when she was called upon by the exigencies of the moment, to put herself, and every body else that she could influence, into a bustle. For one moment, and no more, she paused to think how she should begin, and then rang the bell sharply. Cleopatra answered it instantly, with the usual negro grin that seems ever to promise (poor wretches!) willing obedience. Mrs. Allen Barnaby stood ready with a little silver coin, commonly called in those regions a fip', in her hand.

"I have got a rather tough job to get through, my girl," said she, "and if you will set to and help me, I'll give you this."

Money is, perhaps, of all sources of earthly joy, what a slave loves the best, and though a negro eye does not sparkle, those of Cleopatra gleamed forth a look of great delight, and extending her strangely white palm, so different in hue from the rest of her skin, she said—

"Please, Missis, I'se ready to do ebery ting."

“That is more than I want, Cleopatra,” said the dignified lady, with a very condescending smile. “All I want is, that you should go into that outhouse at the back of the yard, you know, behind the kitchen, where all our luggage was put, that came from the custom-house, and get some of the other blacks to help you, to bring up into this room all the hampers you can find there. Do you understand?”

“Is all the nigger blacks to share dis, share and share alike, ma’am?” demanded the disappointed Cleopatra, holding out her fip’ to the lady.

“No, Cleopatra, no, that is for yourself alone. Put it in your pocket, and say nothing about it to anybody. When all the hampers are brought into this room, and all the deal boxes, and the great earthenware crate into the room of my daughter, Madame Tornorino, I will give a levy to be divided among the people that help you.”

“Ib I do it all my own myself, will Missis gib me the levy?” asked Cleopatra, very coaxingly.

“ I will give the levy whenever the things are all brought up,” replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby ; “ but I tell you, Cleopatra, that you can’t do it by yourself ; it is perfectly impossible.”

Cleopatra answered nothing, but grinned and departed. During her absence, Mrs. Allen Barnaby arranged her room in the best manner she could devise for the reception of the ponderous baggage she expected ; and this done, she sought and found her daughter, and the two Miss Perkinses, whom she informed of what was going on, and then requested that they would all come into her room to assist her.

“ I’ll be hanged if I do, though,” replied Madame Tornorino ; “ and while I’m slaving for you, mamma, I wonder who’s to unpack my own things ? I was just talking to Matilda about them when you came in, wasn’t I, Matilda ?” she added, addressing her friend with a wink, which demanded an affirmative. “ I’ll tell you what we’ll do, mamma, and that will be all fair and no tyranny, which nobody you know can abide in this free country—which is news that I have just learned from Mrs. Grimes—I’ll tell you what we’ll do ; you shall take Matilda,

and I'll take Louisa, because I like her best for this sort of thing, and then we can both set to work fair and above board."

The two sisters eagerly proclaimed themselves perfectly ready to perform every thing that was required of them, and Mrs. Allen Barnaby finding she could do no better, submitted to the arrangement. Whereupon the party, who were during the discussion assembled in the apartment of Madame Tornorino, divided—two ladies remaining where they were, while the other two proceeded across a wide corridor to the domain of Mrs. Allen Barnaby. But just as Miss Matilda and her respected friend reached the top of the stairs, which they passed in their way to its entrance, they were greeted by the sight of a huge hamper that seemed making its own way up the staircase. The figure of Cleopatra was, in fact, totally hid by the wide burden she had deposited on her head, but the next moment made it visible as, without looking to the right or to the left, the steadily balanced black machine passed on, with quite as little attention to what it met as a steam-engine. The two ladies followed; Miss Matilda wondering, for she knew

not of the hamper scheme, and Mrs. Allen Barnaby delighted. Ever since her arrival she had endured a sort of undefined anxiety about the time and manner of her reunion with the treasures which that hamper and its fellows contained. She knew, indeed, or at any rate she believed, that those treasures were safe, nay, that they were, as it might be said, near her; but there was something so unusual, so *impracticable* in the nature of their envelopements, that difficulty, uncertainty, and opposition seemed to overhang her tangible possession of them.

Nothing, in fact, short of the absolute necessity produced by Mrs. Beauchamp's request could have given her courage to issue the command she had pronounced to Cleopatra, and joyful was she—oh! very joyful, when she perceived one division of her unwieldly armament thus far advanced on its march towards her own quarters. What then were her emotions on entering her room to see all her eight hampers spreading themselves far and wide before her eyes, and the well-pleased Cleopatra grinning in the midst of them. She seized upon Matilda's arm, and grasped it fondly.

“Isn’t that a comfort, Matilda?” she exclaimed. “I have hardly ever said a word about it, even to the major, but I declare to you, upon my honour and life, Matilda, that I always felt as if I never should get them altogether again.”

Miss Matilda stared with the most unaffected astonishment at the display which so enchanted her friend.

“Hampers!” she exclaimed, in an accent which expressed, better than any words could have done, how perfectly unintelligible their appearance was to her.

“Yes, my dear, hampers,” returned their happy owner, laughing heartily. “Do you think I have brought over a stock of wine in them, Matilda?” Then turning to the negress, while she honourably drew forth the promised *levy*, (value elevenpence), she said, “And where are the people who have helped you to bring all these up, Cleopatra?”

“De people is me own self, missis,” replied the girl, hold out her hand for the well deserved gratuity.

“Well, to be sure, you *are* a strong girl! I

didn't quite intend to be giving three fips at a time to any nigger; but there, you shall have it as you have done the job so quickly; but remember, all Madame Tornorino's things are to be brought up too. However, I can tell you for your comfort that there is not one half so many as mine. I'm sure I don't know how it is, Matilda. I have always dressed Patty uncommonly elegant, as you well know, and I should not say I had ever begrudged her any thing—should you? And yet, somehow or other, it always happens that I get quantities more things for myself. That does look a monstrous sight of dresses, doesn't it Matilda?"

"Dresses!" exclaimed the still mystified Matilda. "Do all those wine hampers contain dresses, Mrs O—Mrs. Allen Barnaby?"

"You shall see, my dear," was the reply. "Just hand me over that razor of the major's, will you, Matilda? Now then, which shall we begin with? Let me see if I can remember any thing about it. My court dress is in the biggest of all. That's it, isn't it? Let us begin with that."

The major's razor was sharp and true, the

stout whipcord snapped before it, again, again, and again, till the top was fairly disengaged on all sides, and fell creaking to the ground. Mrs. Allen Barnaby hastily snatched away the linen wrappers which still intervened between her and her court dress, and then stood gazing upon it as it lay richly heaped in all its splendour, with an intensity of pleasurable emotion to which the pencil could do better justice than the pen.

Alas ! the poor Matilda ! “ How stood she the while ? ” All the finery she had in the world had crossed the ocean in one trunk, two band-boxes, and a bag, and all the consolation which the unpacking, handling, and setting it in order, could convey to her spirit, had been already enjoyed ! At that moment, perhaps, she *did* envy Mrs. Allen Barnaby notwithstanding her large waist and her gray hairs ; but a little reflection caused her to turn her eyes towards the looking-glass, whence the youthful contour of her figure greeted her so cheeringly, that her spirits revived, and she set about the business she was summoned to perform, almost without breathing a sigh ; though she had to hand out from this and the seven following hampers, not

less than thirty-two dresses, three cloaks, five shawls, nine scarfs, sixteen *fichus*, and twenty-eight embroidered collars! Nevertheless, the operation was certainly in some degree a painful one. Yet was it soothed by the delightful consciousness, that not one of all the things she saw and handled, but would look five thousand times better upon her than upon its owner!

And thus passed the hours, till the first dinner-bell gave notice that it was time to dress. Miss Matilda heard it with joy and gladness, Mrs. Allen Barnaby with dismay. She had not found lodging-room, notwithstanding Mrs. Carmichael's very handsome assignment of drawers, for one half of her belongings, and now actually wrung her hands, almost in despair, as she exclaimed,

"Oh! Matilda, Matilda! What *am* I to do with my three velvets?"

"We must think of that another time, my dear Mrs. O—Allen Barnaby," replied the young lady, giving notice that it was her decided intention to depart, by walking straight towards the door, and instantly opening it. "I have got something very particular to do to the cap I am

going to wear at dinner to-day," she said, "and I can't stay a minute longer."

Before she could be answered, she was gone, and the perplexed Mrs. Allen Barnaby looked around her with the mixed feeling of enjoyment and distress, so frequently produced by the *embarras des richesses*. At this moment her husband entered, for the purpose of preparing himself for dinner, and great was his astonishment at the spectacle that greeted him. The eight huge hampers, though emptied of their contents, occupied not the less space on that account, but so choked up the room with their bulk, that it seemed nearly impossible to get across it.

"What on earth are you about, wife?" he exclaimed, and not, perhaps, in the gentlest of accents. "What is the good of dragging out all this trumpery, if we are to start away up the Mississippi in a week or so? Is it for the pleasure of looking at it all? Upon my soul I did not think you were such a fool."

Strong in conscious innocence, my admirable heroine lost not her temper, but explained to him as he performed his ablutions, after having

scrambled over the obstacles which impeded his approach to the washing-stand, how absolutely necessary it was that she should comply with the marked request of Mrs. Beauchamp, and show that she *had* some dresses fit for a Christian to wear.

“It is quite plain to me, Donny,” she continued, soothingly handing him his rose-coloured satin cravat, “perfectly plain and clear that Mrs. Beauchamp, who is evidently a remarkably sensible woman, does not choose to commit herself by introducing strangers of whom she knows no more than the child unborn, to all the best families of New Orleans. Now she knows, as well as I do, that dress speaks for itself—and though she did it in a very genteel, ladylike way, I don’t greatly doubt, I promise you, that if I had made any shuffling excuses, about not liking to unpack my things, we should presently have found her as shy as you please about introducing us. But every thing will go right now, depend upon it. Just ask yourself if any body in their senses could look upon such dresses as these, and feel any doubt of the high respectability of the person to whom they belong? Just ask yourself, major?”

“To be sure there is something in that,” replied the reasonable husband. “But how in the world, my dear, did you contrive to collect such an immense quantity of rich, expensive-looking dresses?—are they all paid for, my Barnaby?”

“My dear major, I always consider *that* to be a question between myself and my conscience, with which nobody, not even you, my dear, has any right to meddle. I know my own heart, Donny, and when I feel that it is for the advantage of my husband and child to do a thing, I do it, without stopping to consider what anybody else may think of it. If every body did the same, Major Allen Barnaby, you may depend upon it, the world would be a deal better than it is. But I am sorry to say that *duty* is often and often put out of sight, and that too by people who fancy they are mighty good. I thank Heaven, that I know what’s right better than that comes to—and it is not a little that will stop me, nor ever did, when I feel that I am doing my duty to my family.”

“You are a charming woman, my dear,” returned the major, with a very gallant air, “and as I have often told you before, were certainly.

made on purpose for me. But hark!—there goes that gong of a dinner-bell—come along, my dear! I suppose I must sit by Mrs. Beauchamp again to-day, as I have began to do it, though I have no particular object in it now.”

“Don’t say so, my dear Donny,” replied his lady, looking at him rather reproachfully. “Remember that as a husband and a father, you have your duties to perform, as well as myself. You have still a great deal to do, my dear. As yet you have only made her understand that I am a woman of genius, and a writer greatly approved in my own country; and you should go on now to dwell upon our position in fashionable society, and among people of rank.”

“Why, my dear,” replied the major, giving a last brush to his whiskers, “they one and all of them hate people of rank—they say so every moment almost.”

Mrs. Allen Barnaby drew on her black silk mittens, smiled, and nodded her head.

“Major,” said she, while her eyes assumed an exceedingly clever expression, “major!—don’t be affronted—but you don’t see so far into a stone wall as I do.”

“Don’t I, my dear? Why how far do you see?”

“Just far enough to convince me that they just dote upon titles and rank as much as ever I did, when I used to toady that horrid old cat, Lady Susan—and that’s saying a good deal.”

“Yes, so it is, my dear,” replied her husband. “But if you say as much in your book, I don’t think it will answer.”

“No more do I, my dear,” she rejoined; “but come along, Donny, come to dinner; don’t be afraid, you may trust me.”

CHAPTER XV.

Various sentiments progress between the dramatis personæ—Powerful effect of drapery in a picture—Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp enlightens the mind of her new friend on the subject of negro slavery—Annie Beauchamp's affection for Miss Louisa Perkins increases, which appears to disgust Mr. Egerton exceedingly.

THE dinner of this day passed very much as the others had done. Mrs. Carmichael wheezed, and eat, and hoped the gentlemen and ladies found the canvass-backs and the hominy good, and then wheezed again. Major Allen Barnaby did his very best to confirm all Mrs. Beauchamp's favourable impressions respecting the excellent standing of himself and his family. His lady sat, dispensing smiles around, the very picture of admiring observation and travelling intelligence. Miss Louisa Perkins unexpectedly found Annie Beauchamp seated next to her, and therefore

felt herself considerably nearer being comfortable, that at any moment since she first breathed the air of the United States ; for she heard herself repeatedly spoken to, and that with the most engaging kindness and good nature. Miss Matilda believed herself to be looking much better than usual, having very successfully altered her blond and amber cap, and got her hair to curl and hang *beautifully*. Patty pinched her husband's elbow, and laughed loud with delight, when he turned suddenly round to see what was the matter. Mr. Egerton talked a good deal to Miss Beauchamp, and flattered himself that he had made her exceedingly angry. And the rest of the good company went on very much as usual.

But on the following morning several important circumstances occurred, tending greatly to change the position of our travellers, and to advance each and every of them in the direction they wished to pursue.

Before leaving the room where the boarders breakfasted, Mrs. Allen Barnaby made her way to the side of Mrs. Beauchamp, and lowering her voice to a confidential tone, said,

“Whenever you like to come to my room, my dear madam, I shall be ready to see you. I have now got a few of the dresses unpacked, about which I desired to consult you.”

This was enough to secure the immediate attendance of the lady whose good opinion she wished to propitiate, and who had, indeed, feelings stronger than mere curiosity to make her accept the invitation. Never, perhaps, had Mrs. Allen Barnaby displayed more acuteness than when she guessed that Mrs. Beauchamp was anxious to ascertain the style of her wardrobe, before she ventured upon introducing her and her family to any persons of Louisianian importance.

This was precisely the fact. Not that Mrs. Beauchamp entertained the slightest doubt of Mrs. Allen Barnaby's being a person of great talent; of *that* she felt sufficiently assured, by the manner in which she admired every thing she saw; but as it appeared that the party had omitted to bring letters of introduction to New Orleans (which the major accounted for by saying that their original intention had been to sail to New York), she confessed to her husband

that she knew no other safe and sure criterion, excepting dress, whereby she could sufficiently ascertain their standing, to justify her introducing them to her tip-top friends; and to confess the truth, the note which was to secure the strangers an invitation had yet to be written.

Mrs. Allen Barnaby found means to watch, with a good deal of tact, and without at all betraying her deep interest in the matter, the sort and degree of effect produced by the display of her rich suits upon her American friend, nor had she any reason to feel disappointed at the result of the experiment.

Mrs. Beauchamp indeed said little, much less than was usual with her on most occasions; but she looked, she touched, she meditated, and she reasoned. The two ladies moved gently about, from chair to chair, from the bed to the sofa, and from the sofa to the bed, without any of the bustling noisy discussion which such an examination generally produces between female friends. Indeed, very little was said by either of them: Mrs. Beauchamp understood good manners a great deal too well to give utterance to the increased and still increasing esteem, to which the

velvet, satin, and lace displayed before her, gave birth; while Mrs. Allen Barnaby felt too much alive to the importance of that esteem, to interfere with the mental process, which she clearly saw was going on, to augment it.

The first words, however, or nearly so, which were spoken while this examination lasted, were uttered by the owner of the articles, which pleaded thus trumpet-mouthed, for her gentility. Mrs. Allen Barnaby said at length, but in an accent very nearly of indifference,

“You must not forget, you know, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, that you promised to tell me whether the style of any of these dresses would be fit for the society to which you have so kindly offered to present me.”

“No, indeed, my dear ma’am,” returned Mrs. Beauchamp, “I am not going to do any such thing, I assure you; and I am happy to say that I don’t see any one thing among all these handsome articles which you might not put on with the very greatest propriety when visiting any of the great families here. When you have been a little longer in the country, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby, you will find out, I

am sure, for you are a great deal too smart and observing to miss seeing it, that this southern part of the Union, enjoys a much higher class of society than those who have been ill-advised enough to make themselves free states. They grovel, as we all say, in the very outskirts of civilisation, and have just missed the only way to make a republic in any degree elegant and respectable; and the cause is plain to those who don't shut their eyes on purpose, because they won't see. For it's easy enough to guess, that no white free-born Americans, whether men, women, or children, will choose to make household drudges of themselves and work for wages. It follows in course then you see, that we must either scrub, and rub, and toil, and sweat for ourselves, like so many downright savages, or else that we must make use of the creatures that we have luckily got hold of—that are neither white nor freeborn—and make them do what it is quite positively necessary that ladies and gentlemen must have done for them."

While these words were spoken, Mrs. Allen Barnaby stood with her hands clasped together, and her eyes fixed on the speaker, with the air

of one who is listening to the most important information that one human being can bestow upon another.

“Every word you utter, my dear Madam,” she said, “convinces me that Providence has thrown me in your way, in order to prevent my putting forth to the world, with the authority of my name (which truth at this moment obliges me to confess is not inconsiderable) any of those false views on the subject of negro slavery, which, I blush to say, are too freely propagated in Europe. I see at once the full force of your argument, and you will do me a great favour if you will just sit down here for a moment while I make a memorandum of your observation. Never mind that crimson velvet dress, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp—it was made at Paris last year ; but you know the great misfortune of velvets is, that they are eternal!”

“My!” exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp, following with her eyes the splendid robe with its gold stomacher, as it was thrown carelessly aside in order to give her a chair. “I expect it looks as if it was made yesterday. I do wish, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, that if we go all together to-

night to Judge Johnson's, you would just wear that gown—it is first-rate elegant, and I expect there's nobody so stupid as not to see that—and don't you mind its being hot weather, Mrs. Allen Barnaby—we can learn you to fix the things under, so that you will hardly feel the difference.”

“Most assuredly I will wear that dress, if you approve of it, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp,” was the obliging reply, but spoken with the sort of dignified indifference which a queen might have shown upon a similar occasion.

Mrs. Allen Barnaby now took her new notebook and pencil out of her table-drawer, and sitting down before it, said in a tone which formed a charming contrast to that in which she had spoken of her dress—

“May I ask you, my dearest Madam, to repeat to me a few words of what you were saying just now? This will amply suffice to recal the general bearing of your admirable and unanswerable argument.”

“I expect that what I was saying was about the ridiculous impossibility of republican gentlemen and ladies doing for themselves without

the assistance of niggers. And what I think is the best argument of all, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, is just this—I want the abolitionists to be pleased to tell us which they calculate is the greatest sin; the letting black heathen nigger creturs what grows wild in their own woods, for all the world like so many painters and polecats, I want to know, I say, whether it's wickeder to let them do the work of the Union, or to put it upon the gentlemen and ladies of the republic to do it for themselves, and them the very people that the immortal Washington fought for?—The very people who got done finished the glorious 4th of July work, and that now stands in the face of all Europeyans as the pattern people of the world. Which of the two is it that ought to do the dirty work? Is it the heroes of the Stars and the Stripes, or is it the nigger slaves what belongs to them?"

Mrs. Beauchamp said all this slowly and deliberately; and the more so, as she observed that her friend was earnestly engaged the while, in writing.

As soon as the sentence had reached its conclusion, Mrs. Allen Barnaby raised her eyes,

fixed them solemnly on the face of her eloquent and animated companion, and having gazed at her for a moment, exclaimed—

“I never did; no, never in my whole life, hear anything put so clear and convincing as that. Why, anybody that doesn’t see the truth of it, must be as stupid as the dirt under their feet!”

“No, no, it is not so much stupidity, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby,” replied the patriotic lady, “as downright good-for-nothing wickedness—they do all see it—they MUST see it—they MUST know that a white man, a white American republican, is better than a nasty, filthy, black nigger slave—but that’s the shocking part of the business, my dear lady. They see it, and yet they won’t say so, on account of their poisonous party spirit.—And it’s just *that*, which threatens the safety of the finest part of the Union, and the only part sufficiently advanced in the elegances of civilization to get themselves looked up to by Europeyans.”

This was said with so much vehemence, so much bitterness, and such heightened colour, that the acute Mrs. Allen Barnaby saw at once

how very near, and how very important a subject they were discussing, and she quietly determined to act accordingly. She raised her hand to her forehead, which she pressed forcibly, as if to still its painful throbbings. She sighed, then sat motionless awhile, then sighed again, and at length, in a voice as deep and solemn as that of Mrs. Siddons herself, she said,

“ I feel that this important, this *awfully* important subject excites my mind too strongly. It will require many solitary hours of deep thoughtfulness to represent it to the world in the light in which it ought to be viewed. I see all—all NOW—as clearly as the sun at noon-day, and it shall not be my fault if Europe does not see it too.”

“ Then you see it as I do, my excellent, clear-headed Mrs. Allen Barnaby ? You range yourself on the side of the persecuted slave-holders ?” exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp.

“ I do, indeed,” replied the authoress, in a tone of the most dignified decision.

“ Then if I don’t prove myself worthy of such a friend, may I never be waited upon by a slave again,” returned Mrs. Beauchamp, sud-

denly rising. “And now, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, I must leave you, for I have many things to do. I hope we shall enjoy our party to-night—I am told it is to be a very gay one,”

“You are aware, my dear madam,” said our traveller, remembering her husband’s hint, “that we English ladies never pay visits, unaccompanied by our husbands.”

“And it does you honour, ma’am, great honour. The ladies of the Union are first-rate particular in that line themselves. In course, my friends will expect the company of the major, and not only that, I can tell you. The whole party of a lady of your views will be welcome, go where you will, in this part of the country, and that if you made up altogether half-a-score, instead of half-a-dozen.”

“You are exceedingly kind and polite,” replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, feeling to her very fingers’ ends the strength of her present position, and only hesitating in her acceptance of this wholesale hospitality, from thinking it possible that she might turn the glowing sentiment of gratitude she had excited, more exclusively to her own profit,—“exceedingly obliging, indeed.

But I do not think there is any necessity to trouble you with such a very large party. Our good friends, the Perkinses, are certainly the best creatures in the world, and I am only too happy to have them with me—in attendance upon me, I might in fact say—but there is no occasion whatever to ask for their being invited on the present occasion. It may be a check, perhaps, on future hospitality.”

“You are very considerate and thoughtful, my dear ma’am,” replied Mrs. Beauchamp, “and perhaps it may be as well—”

At this moment Madame Tornorino entered her mother’s apartment, and asking in her usual unembarrassed manner what they were talking about, was immediately made acquainted with the point they were discussing.

“How can you be so abominably ill-natured, mamma?” said the bride with some vehemence, “when you know Matilda is my particular friend? Pray ma’am, get her invited if you can, for I shall have no fun if she doesn’t go. As to Louisa, indeed, she may just as well stay at home, for she is too dull for any thing.”

Mrs. Beauchamp declared Madame Tornorino was the liveliest young lady she had ever seen, but added that she could not stay another minute to listen to her, as she had *forgotten* to explain properly to her friend Mrs. Judge Johnson about who she was to have the happiness of seeing, and she must write to her again directly. And she did write to her concerning the large party of additional guests whom she requested her to invite, but not *again* inasmuch as she had never before written a word upon the subject, having waited as before stated for some satisfactory proof of the Allen Barnaby race being worthy of the promised honour. But on this point assurance had indeed become doubly sure.

“ Nobody who knew any thing of the higher classes in any country could doubt for a moment (as she told Mrs. Judge Johnson) that such dresses must belong to a *real* lady, but what,” she added, “ was *that* compared to the high-minded feelings, and the extraordinary abilities she had shown upon the subject so near to all their hearts ?”

In short, she explained her motives so clearly,

and expressed them so well, that as quickly as the black messenger could go and return, Mrs. Beauchamp was in possession of a note that authorized her to bring with her the five friends she had named.

"The *five* friends?" said Annie, when her mother communicated the note to her.

"Yes; all you know, except that poor melancholy-looking one, that does not seem as if she could take pleasure in any thing."

"The eldest of the two Miss Perkinses you mean?" said Annie.

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, then, mamma, I shall stay at home with her," said the young lady, with all the pertinacity of a spoiled child.

"You stay at home, Annie? My daughter, you must be out of your wits to say so. I should like to know what father would say to that?"

But the young lady persisted, and, as generally happens in such cases, the mamma gave way; Miss Louisa was taught to consider herself invited, and Mrs. Beauchamp made up her mind to smuggle her in among the rest, or if

challenged as to their numbers, to declare that it was a blunder of her foolish Annie's.

It so chanced that this little debate between Mrs. Beauchamp and her daughter took place in the great saloon, while some few of the boarders were waiting there in expectation of the dinner-bell, and among them was Mr. Frederic Egerton. This young man had been vacillating a little respecting his immediate departure from New Orleans. It had occurred to him that he had not yet seen enough of the singular forest around it, with its rich Palmeto shrubs, and its heavy pendant moss; and he had pretty well made up his mind to stay another week.

He was one of those who had been honoured by a verbal invitation from the honourable Judge Johnson himself, for the party of the evening; but he had prudently given an uncertain answer, and in truth had decided upon avoiding so warm a ceremony. But his curiosity was now piqued to know why that little obstinate, thorough-bred American girl, insisted so rudely and so vehemently, upon being accompanied by that deplorable-looking Miss Perkins.

“ She has got some horribly vulgar American joke in her head, I am quite sure of it,” he muttered to himself. “ And if I am broiled for it, I will certainly go, in order to find out what it is. How I do detest American jokes !”

CHAPTER XVI.

A New Orleans' rout of first-rate splendour—Mrs. Allen Barnaby in all her glory—Miss Beauchamp and Mr. Egerton dance together—The gentleman conceives some kindness for Miss Louisa Perkins—Miss Matilda Perkins is translated to the seventh heaven, together with her friend Mrs. Allen Barnaby.

THE drawing-rooms of Mrs. Judge Johnson, like many others in New Orleans, were large, lofty, and handsome ; and, on the present occasion, very tolerably lighted, so that Mrs. Allen Barnaby and her party felt, on entering them, all the delight of reviving hope for the future. The rooms were already very nearly full, Colonel and Mrs. Beauchamp being always very late, owing to the gentleman's evening nap, which nothing was ever permitted to interfere with. But this circumstance only added to the gratifi-

cation of our party, proving to them at once, by one heart-cheering *coup-d'œil*, that they were, as Mrs. Allen Barnaby emphatically expressed it, "Once more in the land of the living."

"Isn't it a comfort, Patty," said she, making a sudden step forward, and clutching her daughter's arm, "isn't it a comfort to see so many full-dressed people again? I swear that I dreamt half a dozen times at the very least, when I was aboard ship, that the devil, or something like him, came and told me I should never put my foot in a ball-room again. And you see that dreams do go by contraries. Isn't it delightful, Patty?"

"Lor, mamma, how you do pull me!" said Patty in return, endeavouring to withdraw herself from the maternal grasp, in order not to be separated from her husband, who was drawing her forward. "Yes, yes, to be sure, it is very delightful—only let me go."

At this moment Mrs. Judge Johnson, a very thin lady of about five-and-thirty, came forward from the crowd that surrounded her, and to whom she was giving in the strictest confidence a few hints as to *who was coming*, with all the

interesting particulars now attached to the names of Allen Barnaby.

The interest and curiosity thus excited, was of the most animating kind, and produced so evident a desire to behold the celebrated heroine of the tale, that Mrs. Allen Barnaby had the exquisite gratification of finding herself the object upon which every eye was fixed. Perhaps her heart had never beat so joyously since the moment of her first introduction to Lord Mucklebury! With the acuteness which made so remarkable a feature in her character, she saw at a single glance what was going on, and understood it, too, completely.

“Do you see, Donny?—do you see?” she whispered in the ear of her husband, on whose arm she was now stalking forward with indescribable dignity to receive the welcome of her hostess. “Don’t they all look as if they were ready to worship me? I have not told you yet all that I have been hearing and saying about the niggers.”

Mrs. Judge Johnson having now succeeded in getting within speaking distance of her illustrious guest, made a curtsy, at once be-

coming the dignity of a judge's lady, and the cordial hospitality of a Louisianian patriot upon receiving a lady about to write a book on the principles avowed by Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and which were already pretty generally known throughout the room.

“ I can't be thankful enough, I'm sure, ma'am, to my obliging friend Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp, for bringing me and the Judge acquainted with a European lady of your standing and great ability. There has been a great deal of ill blood brewed, and evil seed sown between our two countries, by the vile abominable lies and slanders that some of your travelling authors have propagated against us; and to such a lady as you are, I expect this must be as hateful as it is to us. But if what we hear of you is true, ma'am, which we cannot doubt, seeing it comes from Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp, of Big-Gang Bank, if all the good we hear of you is true, you shall find that we are not people to take up prejudices against all, for the faults and the crimes of some.

“ You will find yourself as much honoured here, Mrs Allen Barnaby, as if you were a

free born citizen of our glorious soil. We have no prejudices against the English, notwithstanding all the ill they have done us. All we ask at their hands is a fair and honest account of the glories of our unrivalled government, and the splendour of our institutions, and this is just what we never get from them—for it is a common saying among us, that the bigness of their lies is in proportion to the littleness of their country. But by you, ma'am, we expect to be treated differently, and different, as you will find, will be the return. And this honourable gentleman is, I expect, the major, your husband. He is heartily welcome, ma'am, for your sake—and so are all the rest of the ladies and gentlemen, and would be if there was double the number.—Just in time, too, here comes the honourable Judge Johnson, my husband. Judge, this is the lady from England, as we were talking of but now. You remember,” and she whispered something in his ear. “And this is a Major of England, her husband, and these are her sons and daughters, I believe, or her very particular friends; all come out to travel with her, and to help her, may

be, in giving a fair and just account of us at last."

Mrs. Judge Johnson was one of those ladies who, when they begin a speech, never seem to know how to leave off again. It is probable she would not have ended here, had not the Judge began to speak himself; and whenever this happened, she immediately ceased — an example which it would be well if many ladies, of many countries, followed.

The Judge, however, had certainly a particularly good right to the privilege thus accorded him, because it was very rarely that in his own house he spoke at all. He was a senator, and in this chamber of the legislature was celebrated for his eloquence; but elsewhere, he was, generally speaking, a very silent man. He was one of those who had with the utmost consistency of purpose and unvarying steadiness of principle, persevered in advocating the righteousness of the slavery system against all the attacks made upon it by those whose notions of freedom, as a national characteristic, were founded on rather a broader basis than his own. It was he who, with the most constantly sustained and most

acrimonious vehemence had, through session after session, brow-beat, abused, and ridiculed the bold men who had ventured to attack this darling idol of the slave states; and he was revered accordingly by those who worshipped it.

This honourable gentleman almost rivalled his lady, though with fewer words, in expressing the height, length, and breadth of the affection and esteem which he ever held ready to bestow on all persons willing to come forward in support of what he was wont to call "HIS PRINCIPLES."

Men of all lands, when they talk of their *principles*, generally look conscientious and sublime, and so did the honourable Judge Johnson. You might have thought to look at him when he was haranguing on the immutable nature of right; of the heaven-born holiness of justice; of the sinful weakness of permitting vacillating laws, and untried innovations, to sap and undermine the venerable institutions of the republic, that it was a martyr who was preaching in support of a holy but painful doctrine, which none but the steadfastly

pure and holy-minded had courage to defend. And accordingly he was universally characterized by every citizen who possessed a slave throughout the Union, "as one of the worthiest and most high-minded men that ever lived—as true as steel, and as honest as the day."

And those who hung all their hopes of continued prosperity upon the system he supported, might well speak thus of him—for if he was right there, he was wrong in nothing else, in nothing, at least in which this *principle* was not so vitally mixed as to make part and parcel of the thing itself. He was himself a strict liver in all ways. But, if it chanced that any instances came before him of the licentious immorality which inevitably arises from the monstrous "*union in partition*" which this fearful system produces, his strict morality seemed to melt away, like wax before the sun, and till he was again heard to speak upon some theme where this did not interfere, the honourable Mr. Judge Johnson might be mistaken for the most licentious man alive.

Of all this, however, Major and Mrs. Allen Barnaby knew very little, and of course cared

considerably less. They were both all bows, amenity, and smiles. The lady moved her plumes, shook her perfumed locks, and declared that New Orleans seemed to her a perfect paradise.

“I had no idea of seeing such a room of elegant company as this. It almost perfectly equals any thing in London. My own last party, to be sure, was more numerous, and as many of the ladies wore their court-dresses, because we were all at the drawing-room that morning—it was more —”

But luckily before she finished her sentence, a contracted brow or two among the group she was addressing, reminded her of the outbreak of her friend, Mrs. Beauchamp, when the court of Queen Victoria had been alluded to on a former occasion. Therefore stopping suddenly short, she looked round her with a sort of renewed delight, and then exclaimed with very captivating *naïveté*,

“But oh! Good gracious! What use is it to talk of London, or Paris, or any other place in the world! For where did any one ever see in the same number, so many beautiful,

elegant-dressed women, or so many noble, dignified-looking men?"

"I am very glad to find you are struck with that, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby," said Mrs. Beauchamp, in an audible whisper, and throwing her handsome patriotic eyes over the group of tall republicans who, standing in a cluster behind the Judge, were gazing with very eager curiosity at the lady who it was rumoured, was come all the way from the old country on purpose to do them justice, and to write about them and their nasty niggers in the proper style—"I am *very* glad you are struck with that," she repeated with energy, "because in this part of the Union, we do rather pride ourselves upon the elegant style of our gentlemen. All the young ladies in the United States, you know, are counted pretty, some more, and some less, of course; but it is in vain to deny that it is only in the slave states that the gentlemen look first-rate. And the reason is so plain, if people would but give themselves the trouble to understand it! For it's only in the slave states, in course, that a citizen is a master as well as a man; and what right, I should like to

know, have those Europeyans, who clamour against our negro slavery, to insist upon it, that American gentlemen shall be the only gentlemen in the world who can't say that much for themselves?"

A very audible murmur of applause ran round the circle which had now surrounded the strangers at this sally; and "devilish smart woman that!" was heard from various quarters.

Mr. Egerton, who had been in the room some time before the arrival of Mrs. Beauchamp's party, had by this time made his way up to it; an effort which he had probably been disposed to make, because the individuals composing it were the only ones in the room, save the Honourable Judge Johnson himself, whom he knew by name, or with whom he had ever exchanged a syllable.

Mrs. Beauchamp, in her eagerness to perform properly all the duties of a chaperon to Mrs. Allen Barnaby, had dropped the arm of her daughter on entering the room, saying,

"You know every body in the room, Annie, so you won't want me; but let who will come

to you, be sure to keep civil with the English people."

Finding herself thus alone, Miss Beauchamp looked round her, before she took another step in advance; not so much, however, to see with whom she should join herself, as how most securely to avoid the proximity and conversation of Madame Tornorino, for whom she had conceived an aversion, even greater than the fact of her being English could account for.

Having ascertained in what direction she and her loving husband had turned, she next looked about her for the other individuals of the party for whom her mother had requested her civility, and perceiving that the favoured Matilda had received permission to place the tips of her fingers on the gallant arm of Patty's Don, she looked about her, and for some time in vain, for the melancholy Louisa, and at last found her considerably in rear of the party—of course, utterly alone, and with an air as utterly desolate.

Annie instantly stepped back and joined her, offering her delicate arm, smiling exceedingly like an angel of light, and beginning to talk to

her about the room and the people, as if they had been intimately acquainted for months. The sadness of the melancholy Louisa gave way before all this unlooked-for kindness, and being really as good-natured a woman as ever lived, she soon got talking and laughing with her young companion in a much gayer style than was quite usual with her; for even before she had been beguiled into leaving her country, the constant anxiety in which she lived respecting her sister's unpromising project of getting a husband, had rendered the life of Miss Louisa far from a happy one.

On perceiving the pleasant effect her attentions produced on the person whose quiet sadness had so moved her young heart to compassion, Annie redoubled her efforts to be amusing; and at the moment Mr. Egerton reached the place where she and Miss Louisa were standing, a little apart from the crowd that surrounded the great lion of the evening, Annie had made her companion laugh heartily, and was looking the very picture of gaiety and good-humour herself.

Mr. Egerton, before he spoke to them, gazed

at her for a moment in astonishment, and it might be, perhaps, a little in admiration. Miss Beauchamp was not on this occasion dressed in her robe of brown holland; but as far as form went, was hardly less simply clad; and as the material was white muslin, without any mixture of colour or decoration of any kind, her appearance was still as remarkable for its quiet neatness as before. One ornament, however, she had, which was the full-blown flower of a snow-white Japonica, which she had fastened gracefully enough on one side of her head.

Having indulged, unseen, in looking at her for a minute or two, Mr. Egerton stepped forward and made himself visible, bowing civilly to the elder lady, and expressing his hope that he saw the younger well.

“Oh, dear! what a pity that Matilda is not here!” exclaimed the kind Louisa in her heart. “This is the very gentleman she was so anxious to be introduced to—and now he seems quite inclined to get acquainted!”

Her sister, however, was too far off to be summoned by any beck or winks that she could set in action, and all she could do was to return

his civility in the most obliging manner, which she did by curtsying to him three times successively.

Miss Beauchamp, meanwhile, from the unexpected suddenness of Mr. Egerton's address, or from some other cause, perhaps her extreme dislike of him, coloured violently, but soon recovered both from the laughter he had interrupted, and the slight agitation he had produced. And then her manner became again as cold, as distant, and as disdainful as it had ever been when conversing with him. It is not very easy for a gentleman to keep up a conversation under such circumstances, especially when so large a portion of contempt and dislike mixes with his own feelings ; but, with a sort of pertinacious obstinacy, Mr. Egerton was determined that he would talk to Miss Beauchamp. It might be that he hoped to plague her, or it might be that he hoped to amuse himself with her transatlantic idiom ; but let the reason be what it might, he was very steadfast in his purpose, and on seeing the young people preparing to dance, actually proposed himself to her as a partner.

Annie looked at him with considerable sur-

prise, and certainly her first impulse was to decline the offered honour ; but she was very fond of dancing, and if she refused him, she could not dance with another, without a degree of rudeness which nothing but a fresh outbreak on his part, in praise of his own country, could have given her a courage for. She therefore, after a little delay that was just long enough to be uncourteous, bowed her consent, and he presented his arm. She looked at him, as American young ladies always do look on such occasions (before they have visited Europe), and walked on beside him in silence, but without accepting it. And hereupon Mr. Egerton passed judgment upon her with a spice of European injustice—for totally ignorant of the law which forbids young ladies to walk “*lock and lock*” with young gentlemen, he conceived her rejection of this ordinary piece of civility to be only an additional proof of her determination to be rude to him.

They had not, however, proceeded three steps in advance, before Annie, inexpressibly provoked at herself for her thoughtlessness, which really surprised as much as it vexed her, turned suddenly back again to poor Louisa, and kindly taking her

hand, which she drew under her arm, she said,

“My dear Miss Perkins! I don’t know what I was thinking of to leave you in this way. I expect you must think me the very rudest person you ever saw. Let me take you to your party before I begin dancing. Shall we look for your sister, or for Mrs. Allen Barnaby?”

“Thank you, my dear young lady! You are very—*very* kind to me—always,” replied the really grateful Louisa. “If you can find out Mrs. Allen Barnaby for me, I shall be very glad, because, do you know, I should like to ask her if she thinks it would be possible to get a partner for my sister Matilda.”

“Will it please you, Miss Perkins, if she gets a partner?” said Annie.

“Please me, my dear Miss Beauchamp? Oh, dear! oh, dear! I should be *so* delighted—I really can’t tell you how delighted I should be.”

“Then just stay here one moment, will you, with your countryman, Mr. Egerton? and I will see if I can manage it without troubling Mrs. Allen Barnaby.”

And so saying, she glided away, leaving the not too-well-matched compatriots side by side.

“You seem to have become already extremely intimate with that young American lady, Miss Perkins,” said the gentleman. “Do you find her very agreeable?”

“I find her, Sir, the very sweetest, kindest, young creature I ever met with in my whole life,” replied the grateful Louisa, with a degree of emotion that communicated itself to her voice. “I really do think that if I saw much of her I should grow to love her a great deal too well—she being an American foreigner, which would make it seem almost wrong and unnatural, I am afraid.”

“Why, really, Miss Perkins, if you feel thus strongly already, I should be apt to think that you might carry your partiality rather farther than was reasonable, for you can have seen but a very little of her.”

“And that is quite true, Sir, certainly—but very great sweetness, and very great kindness, will go to one’s heart, I believe, without taking a great deal of time for it.”

The handsome, gallant, gay young Egerton looked in the pale face of the still dismal-looking old maid with a considerable approach towards good fellowship.

“Perhaps, Miss Perkins, you patronise pretty young ladies?” said he, smiling. “And I won’t deny that Miss Beauchamp is very pretty, though she is so thoroughly American.”

“Pretty, Sir? Is that all you can say? I do think she is the most perfect beauty that ever was looked at.”

“Yes, yes,” he replied, laughing, “she is quite sufficiently beautiful, and I see I was right in supposing that this is the reason you have taken such a fancy to her.”

“Then without wishing to be rude, Sir,” she replied very earnestly, “instead of being right, I must tell you that you are quite wrong. I don’t believe at all that I have any particular liking for beauty. There’s my sister’s particular friend, Miss Patty—Madame Tornorino, I mean; I have heard that she is considered quite a complete beauty, and I do assure you, Sir, that since she has been fully grown up, I have sometimes taxed myself with being very ill-humoured and

unamiable about it—for the handsomer she seemed to get, the more I seemed to dislike looking at her.”

Again Mr. Egerton laughed, but by no means impertinently; and though he did not think it discreet to tell the lady how very well he understood, and how very much he sympathised with her, he did offer her his arm to conduct her to a seat, saying, that he would watch for the return of Miss Beauchamp. But before Miss Louisa could express her sense of his obligingness, or do any thing more than wish that it was her sister Matilda instead of herself that he was so polite to, Annie returned, bringing the glad tidings that she had got one of the best partners in the room for Miss Matilda.

“And now tell me,” she added, “where I shall leave you?”

“Oh! just there, if you please, my dear—where this gentleman was going to get me a seat before you came back.”

“But shall you not like better to be with your party?” said Annie. “Mrs. Allen Barnaby has got all the grandeur of New Orleans round her. Should not you like to get a

place near her? I am sure I can manage it."

"No, thank you, my dear," replied Miss Louisa, rather hastily. "I would a great deal rather sit here by myself if you please."

Again Mr. Egerton felt a strong movement of sympathy towards the old maid, and it seemed as if he thought not of his beautiful partner till he had conducted her to the seat she desired to occupy. Then, however, he returned with no very lingering step to the spot where he had left Annie conversing with some of her acquaintance, whom he heard entreating her, as he came up, to get them an introduction to the celebrated Mrs. Allen Barnaby.

By this time the gentlemen dancers were all leading their partners to their places, and Mr. Egerton perceived that the manner in which this ceremony was performed, was by the gentleman's taking the hand of the lady, in the good old Sir Charles Grandison style, and so parading her to the place she was to occupy. They took their station at the side of the quadrille, which gave time for a little conversation before the figure of the dance called upon them to begin.

“Your antipathy towards the degenerated inhabitants of the old country, Miss Beauchamp, seems to have relaxed in one instance at least. You are exceedingly kind and attentive to that poor unhappy-looking Miss Perkins.”

“I don’t think she is unhappy-looking at all,” replied Annie, evasively. “Not, at least, when she has any thing in the world to make her look cheerful. I never saw any one more easily pleased in my life.”

“And you really appear to take pleasure in producing this metamorphosis from grave to gay,” returned Mr. Egerton. “And I could understand this very well if she were not an Englishwoman. But, as it is, I confess to you that I am somewhat puzzled to understand why you have so decidedly taken her into favour.”

Annie looked at him for a moment as if doubtful how to answer; and then said, with a little air, as if she had at length made up her mind—

“I will tell you the reason, Mr. Egerton. Miss Perkins is the only person I have ever heard of (I will not say conversed with, though it would sound better—but I have scarcely con-

versed with any)—Miss Perkins is the only English person I ever heard of, who did not think him or herself vastly superior to every body else in the world. She, poor thing, is exactly the contrary, for she has every symptom of believing herself inferior to every body, and that is the reason why I think her the most interesting individual of the English party at Mrs. Carmichael's."

"The English party at Mrs. Carmichael's," muttered Mr. Egerton to himself. And then he and his fair partner were called upon to perform their part in the dance.

Meanwhile the happiness of Miss Matilda was almost greater than any thing she had ever dared again to hope for at a ball. When endeavouring to obtain a partner for her, Miss Beauchamp had not scrupled to hint that she was, as it were, part and parcel of that celebrated Mrs. Allen Barnaby who was come from England to New Orleans on purpose to write a book in praise of the United States, and in defence of the slave system. Not only was this enough to procure the gentleman to whom it was addressed as a partner in the first quadrille,

but no less than three others solicited the honour of her hand before the first set was over, for the subsequent dances.

Those who know any thing of Miss Matilda Perkins, can be at no loss to imagine her feelings. Nor was her friend and patroness less happy. Senators, Members of Congress, lawyers, writers, and statesmen, all crowded round her, and seemed to vie with each other in demonstrations of esteem and admiration. The heart of my heroine whispered to her—

“This is what I was born for. This is my real vocation.”

Her well-pleased husband lingered near her long enough to see how admirably well she bore her honours, and then giving her, unseen by all, one very little wink of satisfaction, turned away, confessing to the honourable Judge Johnson, who at that moment made the inquiry, “That he had no objection whatever to a rubber.”

The fair Patty was, in short, the only one of the party who did not think this visit very delightful; but being absolutely obliged to give up her husband to her papa, who had become so attached to him as to resolve upon never

playing a game of cards of any kind without having him near his person, she found very little fun even in dancing, because of course now, as she rather pettishly muttered to herself, "Nobody could dare to make love to her for fear the Don should snap his nose off."

Before she left the room, however, she, too, came in for a share of the honours of the evening; for a certain Mrs. General Gregory, a lady very richly dressed, and having every appearance of being a person of great consequence, made acquaintance with her by admiring her gown. This led to other subjects; and as Patty was not disposed to dance much, Mrs. General Gregory had so advanced the acquaintance before they parted, as to promise to come and call upon her and her mamma at the boarding-house. This greatly revived the spirits of Patty; for the lady talked of her carriage, and her horses, and her servants, and occasionally of the General, her husband, so that our young bride again felt that she too was somebody. But, after all, it was Mrs. Allen Barnaby herself who was in truth the well-head and spring of all these honours. She was herself fully aware of this, and enjoyed

the glorious prospect opening before her with all the native energy of her character.

The last words she uttered to her husband before wishing him finally "good night," will show the acuteness with which she read the causes that had produced such agreeable effects.

"I say, Donny—do you think I shall find a word or two to say in praise of slavery? Won't I my dear? That's all."

CHAPTER XVII.

Patty forms a sudden intimacy with a General's lady of saint-like propensities—A passion common to both unites them.

THE party at Judge Johnson's furnished a fund of conversation for the whole of Mrs. Carmichael's large domestic circle on the morrow, and had not the heart of Mrs. Beauchamp been filled by higher considerations, (for she had begun to feel a very strong conviction that she was likely to become the agent of a revolution in public opinion concerning the slave states of America, little less important than that achieved by the immortal Washington), she might have found considerable gratification to her national vanity in the cordial admiration expressed concerning every thing and every body there, by the English party whom she had introduced.

As it was, however, she was intent on higher thoughts, and did little more than smile and bow with contented urbanity, when Miss Matilda Perkins distinctly declared at breakfast, that, much as she had always enjoyed the first-rate society of London—"Curzon-street and all, you know, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby," she had never seen a more perfectly elegant company than those assembled at Judge Johnson's, "and as for the gentlemen," she added, blushing slightly, and fixing her eyes upon the smoking roll she was engaged in buttering, "I must say that there is a thorough fashionableness and gentility about them that I don't think at all common to be met with in the old world."

Not even the decisive and emphatic "very gentlemanlike men indeed," of Major Allen Barnaby, could do more than produce a repetition of the smile and the bow from Mrs. Beauchamp; although the Colonel, her husband, was moved thereby to open his eyes more fully than he had yet done that morning, and to reply, "I am glad to find, sir, that you are so thoroughly brought to that conviction at once, because it will prevent any acting of prejudice upon your mind as you

go on progressing in your acquaintance with the country. I expect, sir, it was the luckiest thing you ever did, coming to this part of the Union in the first instance, for in no other direction, almost, could you have hoped to have fallen so completely with the right sort. You may depend upon it, Major Allen Barnaby, that the great proprietors in the slave-holding states of the Union, are the most perfect set of gentlemen upon God's earth."

But Mrs. Carmichael's breakfast-table was large enough to admit of more conversations than one being carried on at the same time, and this slow, solemn, and deliberate speech of the colonel's did not at all interfere with what was passing at a little distance from him. For some reason or other, perhaps from remembering the success of Miss Beauchamp's efforts the evening before, to make the melancholy Miss Perkins look gay, Mr. Egerton, who had chanced to overtake the good spinster as she was descending the stairs, not only addressed her cheerfully as rather an intimate acquaintance, but actually offered his arm to conduct her across the hall, and in this way they entered the breakfast-room

together. The Beauchamp family had already taken their places, and Miss Louisa, strengthened in spirit by the civility of her young countryman, actually took courage, as she slipped her arm away from his, to approach, *avec intention*, towards a vacant chair next below that which her friend Annie occupied, and was rewarded for the courageous exploit by an extended hand, and a smile of very kind welcome. As a matter of course, Mr. Egerton followed the steps of the lady he had escorted, and there being fortunately a second chair to be had, below that of Miss Louisa, he had the satisfaction of being able to place himself in close juxta-position to her, and it soon became evident not only to her observant sister, but to every body else who happened to be looking that way, that the acquaintance between them was ripening into very considerable intimacy, for he talked to her a great deal; and because she talked to her neighbour on the other side, he began to talk to her too, notwithstanding his aversion to every thing so completely American. But he felt, or was beginning to feel, that there would be something quite ridiculous in his fighting the battles of his

country by being rude to a young girl, however "thoroughly American" she might be, and being once awakened to the absurdity of such a line of conduct, he took great care to avoid it.

Miss Matilda, meanwhile, having gazed for some moments on the very new and puzzling spectacle of her sister in the act of being gaily talked to, and gaily listening, at length hit upon a solution, which easily and rationally accounted for the unusual degree of attention she appeared to be receiving. Miss Matilda remembered how uncommonly well she herself had looked in her pale pink silk the evening before, and what unmistakable proof of this she had received in the marked attentions of no less than six American gentlemen who had asked her to dance.

"I understand it all perfectly," thought she. "This Mr. Egerton is just like all other Englishmen—so vastly fond of whatever they think is coming into fashion. I know well enough what will come next; Louisa will have to introduce me. But I can't say I care much about it just now. That Mr. Franklin Brown is worth a dozen of him any day; and as for that odious American girl! she just sees that it won't do to

give herself airs to any of us. We are all getting too much into fashion for that to answer. Yes ; I understand it all."

Mrs. Beauchamp had, with an air of decision that no boarding-school etiquettes could oppose, seated herself next Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and the acquaintance between these two distinguished women was advancing so rapidly towards the familiarity of friendship, that they conversed wholly and solely with each other, and that only in whispers, and when the table broke up, they left the room together, arm in arm.

Patty and her Don, seated as usual side by side, conversed also in whispers ; but the happy bride condescended, from time to time, to interrupt this under colloquy by talking a little to the ladies named Hucks, and Grimes, concerning the last night's party, to which they had *not* been invited, and which, therefore, offered a theme particularly fertile, and to Patty, at least, particularly gratifying.

"But I wish you could tell me, Mrs. Grimes," said she, "something about that nice person, Mrs. General Gregory, as they call her. She

was most uncommon civil to me, and is coming to call upon me this very day ; and I should like monstrously to know something about her first, that I may'nt make any horrid blunders you know, in talking to her."

"Oh, my !" returned Mrs. Grimes, "a fine young lady like you needn't in no way be afraid of talking to Mrs. General Gregory, for she would be quite up to understanding everything you could say to her, if you was ten times over English, she is first-rate standing in all ways."

"Is she rich ?" asked Patty.

"Oh, goodness ! yes to be sure she is," was the reply. "They have not a chick nor child belonging to them, and they say his plantation is next largest to Judge Johnson's in Carolina. But then you know, in course, that she is one of the ladies of the new light, only she makes a difference from what the eastern new-lighters say, on some points, on account you know of the nigger population of Carolina."

This was by no means particularly intelligible to Madame Tornorino, and she immediately demanded, with her accustomed distinctness, when asking a question—

“Do you mean that she is a Methodist?”

—“She is one of the evangelical saints, ma’am,” said Mrs. Hucks, in a tone that showed she held the persons she alluded to in great respect.

“Well, I don’t care a farthing for that,” replied Patty, “so as she don’t wear a sanctified, frightful little bonnet, and a prim mouse-coloured gown; and I am sure I saw no symptom of that last night, for she was beautifully dressed, and almost as fine as mamma.”

“I don’t know whether it is the same in the old country,” resumed Mrs. Grimes, “but with us there is a great difference in the manner in which serious ladies fix themselves. Some dress just as you say about the bonnet and gown, and an’t that far different from quakers, while there’s others, like Mrs. General Gregory, who declare that they despise giving any attention at all to such contemptible distinctions, and say that there’s no warrant for thinking that either — bonnets or gowns make any difference in holiness.”

“Oh! well, that’s all right,” returned Patty, “for we should never get on if she didn’t approve fashionable dress, I can tell her.”

“Well now, begging your pardon, ma’am,” said Mrs. Grimes, “that’s more of an American lady’s feeling than I ever expected to hear from an English woman; for in course you know that the English have no great fame in the Union in the article of dress. All through the world, I take it, the Americans and the French stand highest in that article.”

“I don’t know anything about that,” replied Patty, “I only know that I wish I had only just one hundredth part of the fine clothes I’ve seen in London: but I shall talk to Mrs. General Gregory, about it, for I intend to be great friends with her.”

A favourable opportunity for putting this resolution in action was afforded exactly at that hour of the day when it is considered to be most genteel to make morning visits at New Orleans. Mrs. Major Allen Barnaby and Madame Tornorino, were both asked for by the well appointed black footman who attended the carriage of Mrs. General Gregory, and Cleopatra, who answered the inquiry, having first shown the exquisitely dressed and highly respected visitor into the saloon, ran up the stairs to give

notice to those two favoured ladies of the honour that awaited them. Mrs. Allen Barnaby was at that moment in the act of writing a very important sentence in her note-book, under the dictation of Mrs. Beauchamp, but hastily threw down her pencil the moment she heard the summons, and prepared to obey it.

“Oh no! for Heaven’s sake do not go now,” cried Mrs. Beauchamp fervently. “The passage you are writing at this moment, my dearest Mrs. Allen Barnaby, may produce more effect from an English pen than any thing that has been written for years. For pity’s sake don’t go!”

Mrs. Allen Barnaby felt her own consequence at this moment with a thrill of delight that amply atoned to her for the loss of all the doubtful glories of Curzon-street; but being vastly too acute not to perceive the source of this dear new-born consequence, she at once decided upon hazarding the loss, or at any rate the delay, of the well-sounding new acquaintance in the drawing-room, and assuming a look and tone of enthusiasm, which might really have made her fortune on any stage, she replied, “Dream not of it, my invaluable friend! I am not blind to the

value of every acquaintance in such a country as this; but there is that within my heart at this moment, which renders all ordinary intercourse insipid! I felt before I left my own dear, but most ill-informed country, that I was predestined, if I may so express myself, to the task of doing justice to this magnificent continent. It was an enormous sacrifice that I demanded of my high-born husband, and his only, his lovely, his newly-wedded child; but the especial gift that I have received from Heaven, my dearest Mrs. Beauchamp, is that I rarely speak in vain. I explained my views, my motives, my hopes! and you see the result. You see me arrived here from my splendid English home, surrounded, not by my own dear family only, but by valued friends, whom their many excellent qualities, as well as their large fortunes and distinguished birth, rendered important to us. This I have done for the United States of glorious America, and I leave you to judge, dearest lady, whether I am likely to turn from such an occupation as that in which we are now engaged, for the sake of any visiter in the world!"

It must not be supposed that Cleopatra

waited to listen to this long harangue ; on the contrary she did but deliver her message, and ran off again to repeat it to the “ young madam,” as she called Patty, who had already received her assistance in making herself rather finer than usual, in preparation for the great lady who was now arrived. Being thus ready, and alone (for her Don was as usual with his respected father-in-law), and in fact waiting for the summons, Madame Tornorino lost not a moment in obeying it, and was most exceedingly well pleased to find that her mamma did not appear ; for she had often, of late, felt herself more thrown into the back ground than any married woman ought to be, by the overpowering claims of her female parent upon the eyes and ears of those around her, and she rejoiced to think that she should now have an opportunity of doing herself justice. Patty found her visiter seated in the middle of one of Mrs. Carmichael’s large sofas, as if fearful that want of space might injure the flowing pea-green satin in which she was dressed ; and when Madame Tornorino’s ungloved and rather large hand was held out to welcome her, Mrs. General Gregory received it with the tips of

her pale kid fingers, with a great deal of refinement and good taste. But Mrs. General Gregory had once passed eight weeks in France, and since that period the whole powers of her mind had been divided between two objects; the first of which was to be told by a few dearly beloved spiritual friends and advisers that she was fit to be a saint in heaven; and the next, to understand from all the world that she was sure to be taken for a French woman on earth. Having reseated herself after the salutation of Madame Tornorino, smoothed the folds of her robe, and arranged the lace of her cloak, Mrs. General Gregory opened the conversation by inquiring if Madame Tornorino had as yet attached herself to any particular congregation in the Union.

Few young women of Patty's age were better qualified to give an off-hand answer to a question not perfectly understood than herself; a faculty partly perhaps inherited from her mother, who had passed great part of her life in acquiring the art of appearing to know many things of which she was profoundly ignorant; but chiefly it was derived from an innate fund of original impudence, which gave her courage to dash at every

thing, confident alike in her own cleverness, which she felt made a good hit probable, and in her own audacity, which she also felt would render defeat indifferent. But in spite both of this moral and intellectual courage, the question of her new acquaintance startled her. In most of her previous adventures of this hit-and-miss kind with strangers, she had either caught a glimpse of their meaning, or fancied she had done so; but now she had not the very slightest idea of what was meant, and was in the greatest danger of being forced to say so, when her good genius came to her aid, and shaking back her heavy black ringlets, in the most unembarrassed manner possible, she said, "Why really, ma'am, we have had no time yet for any thing."

"I am delighted to hear it, my dear madam," replied the elegant visiter, "for in such a business as that to which I allude, nothing is so much to be avoided as rashness, and over haste. To say the honest truth, indeed, I was a little in the hope that I might find it so, and nothing can more exactly convene to my wishes than that by thus early cultivating your acquaintance I may be the means of leading you in the right way."

What was poor Patty to say now? Clever creature! She only shook her ringlets again, and said, "I am sure you are very kind."

"I mean to be so, my dear young friend," replied the excellent Mrs. General Gregory, looking with great kindness upon the French embroidery of Patty's collar and cuffs, which was as quickly discerned to be such by her studious and learned eye, as the text of an Elzevir by the sharp ken of a scholar—"I mean to be so. I am aware what the object of your admirable mother is in coming to this country, and I conceive it to be my bounden duty, knowing, as by grace and mercy I do, that I have made my own calling and election sure—I expect, my dear young lady, that it is neither more nor less I say than my commanded duty to do what I can towards helping others. And where,—oh! my—where shall I find any body so every manner worthy of being helped on towards the same election as a family to whom the whole Union is likely to be so deeply indebted as they are to be to yours?"

Patty began to see light. She had already heard an immense deal of talk (considering how

short a time she had been in the country) upon ELECTIONS of all imaginable sorts and kinds. In a free country like America, every thing is done by election, from the choosing a president, to the appointing a pew-opener, and having listened with her usual sharpness to all this, she now became convinced that Mrs. General Gregory was going to propose her papa, or perhaps her own dear Don, for the stewardship of a ball, or a horse-race. Exceedingly delighted by this idea, Patty eagerly exclaimed,

“ Dear me ! how very kind and obliging—I don’t think there is any thing that we should all of us, from first to last, like so well.”

“ All ? alas ! my dear young lady, *all* is too extensive a word,” replied Mrs. General Gregory. “ When you have reached my age,” she added with a gentle smile, and still gentler sigh, “ you will leave off including the gents so freely in such work as we are talking about. If you knew as well as I do, the often hardness of heart, and the frequent blindness of eyes in the unfeminine part of the best society, you would quite altogether, I expect, leave off saying a word about *all*.”

The mystification of poor Patty now returned upon her with threefold darkness, and feeling that she was sinking deeper and deeper, and might very likely get into a scrape at last, her indigenous wit sprung up in another direction, and caused her to exclaim with an air of good-humoured *naïveté*,

“I declare, my dear ma’am, I don’t believe that I understand what you mean?”

Mrs. General Gregory replied, first by looking earnestly and pitifully in her face for a few moments, and then by saying,

“Is it possible, my dear young lady, that by the ever-merciful but inscrutable interference of Providence, it falls to my happy lot to be the first that ever availed your dear precious young spirit of the necessity of calling together into families, the chosen of the Lord’s people here on earth?”

“Why, really yes, ma’am,” replied Patty, slightly yawning, “I can’t say that in England I ever heard any thing said about dividing ladies and gentlemen into families.”

“Are they indeed so benighted, my dear young friend?” demanded Mrs. General Gre-

gory, clasping her hands fervently together, and heaving a deep sigh ; “ then, indeed, it will be a privilege and very precious glory to have the task of awakening the soul of a young lady whose appearance is so every way interesting and approvable.”

And here again, the general’s lady, perhaps involuntarily, looked at the pretty new dress which Madame Tornorino had obtained at Howel and James’s, upon her papa’s Curzon-street credit, a day or two before she left London.

“ It will, indeed, be very precious to me, Madame Tornorino, my dear, to save so sweet a young brand from the burning !”

Now, here was sympathy if ever it existed upon earth. Mrs. General Gregory looked at Patty’s silk and embroidery, and preached to her about election, because she approved them ; while Patty gazed upon Mrs. General Gregory’s satin and lace, and patiently listened, because she too approved.

From this point the conversation proceeded very amicably, the American lady judiciously mixing enough of worldly talk, to make her friendly overtures palatable to the as yet unre-

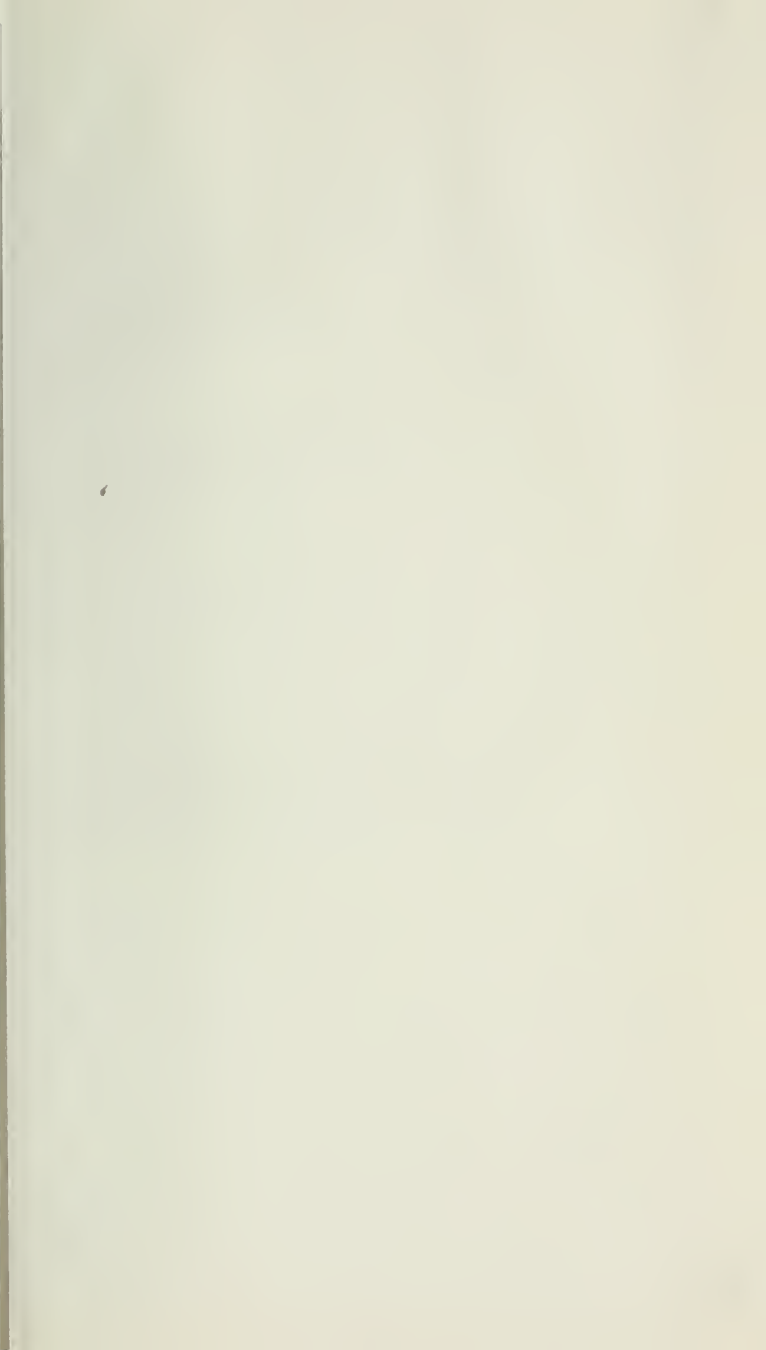
generated neophyte, and the English one enduring the "monstrous bore" of her new friend's talk, for the sake of having a fine acquaintance that seemed to think her of almost as much consequence as her mamma.

END OF VOL. I.

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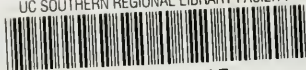
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